DD
37
.B56

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

TRANSRHENANE

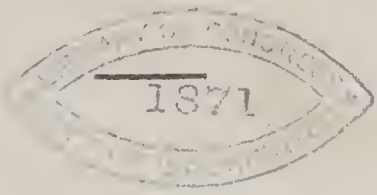
MEMOIRS.

BY

JOHN RICHARD BEST, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TRANSALPINE MEMOIRS."

"Smoothing the raven-down
"Of darkness till it smiled."—*Milton's Comus.*



LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWNE AND GREEN;

AND RICHARD CRUTTWELL, BATH.

1828.

DD 37
B 56

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

Necessary Explanations—Address to the Ladies —The Coupé—The Deserts of Lybia—A Fellow-Traveller—-National prejudice—-The Bishop of Châlons—Verdun—The Suicide— Metz—The Conducteur—The Vosgian Mountains—The Dream—The Country ..... 7—24

CHAPTER II.

The Rhine—The Lock of Hair—The Dinner— German-English—-An elegant Equipage— Baden and the Black Forest—A Sentimental Wanderer ..... 25—43

PAGE.

CHAPTER III.

Scenes in Germany—Rastadt—German Sentimentalism—Carlsruhe—Army of Baden—Drive to Stuttgard—An Allegorical Torrent—Crosses—An Irish Peasant—Stuttgard—Orange Trees—The Suabian Alps and the Danube—Ulm—The Protestant Cathedral 44—59

CHAPTER IV.

Bavarian Mail-coaches—A German's preparation before travelling—Musical Postillions—Augsburg—Devotion—Munich—A Professor in the University—Bavaria and Lombardy—Night—Morning—The frontier of Austria—Premature plans—Journey to Salzburg ..... 60—74

CHAPTER V.

Journey from Linz—The Fête-Dieu—Catholic Images—Statue of a Saint without a head—A Picture—Vienna—Vienna Police—The Prater—Popular Amusements—The Battle of Wagram—A Reverie ..... 75—92

PAGE.

CHAPTER VI.

Europe one Country—Austrian Freedom—A Handbill—Theatres—Public Speaking—Ex-parte mode of Reasoning—Statue of Theseus—Divorce—Museum of Natural History 93—108

CHAPTER VII.

Napoleon II.—Baden—Smoking—Beds—Anecdote relating thereunto—Evening—History of Giulio and Francesca ..... 109—130

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Vienna—Mad English—Prague—St. John Nepomucen—A Monastery—The "Sentimental Wanderer"—Evening Walks—Bohemian Mails—Caricatures—Töplitz—Music—Harpers—Interruption ..... 131—154

CHAPTER IX.

Dresden—Frederic Augustus—The Picture-Gallery—Anachronisms—Madonnas—Painting by Murillo—Sweetness of the German Language—Tomb of Moreau—The "Sentimental "Wanderer." ..... 155—170

PAGE.

CHAPTER X.

The King's Chapel—Party-Spirit—-Scandalous manner of celebrating High Mass—Musicians —Languages—Excursions—Wilhelm von Tüdemann—-Vogelschützen—-Character of the Germans—P. P. C. Visits ..... 171—192

CHAPTER XI.

The Battle of Leipzig—Leipzig—The Book-Fair —Minerva—A Burial-ground—The Prairie— German Associations—The Rhine—A German Cicerone—"Classical" Associations—The "Sentimental Wanderer"—Cologne—The "Three Kings"—St. Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins—-Holland—-Haiti—Antwerp— Table d'Hôtes Conversation—Conclusion 193—218

PREFACE.

A Person to whom I had been lately introduced by name, enquired if I was related to the Lincolnshire gentleman, who, about thirty years ago, had left the Established Church and embraced the Catholic faith. I answered by a movement of assent, and our conversation proceeded in the same friendly tone. May I hope that those who have favourably received the anonymous writer of "Transalpine Memoirs," will not withdraw their approbation now that they discover his relation to the *obnoxious*

author of "Four Years in France?"—that they will still be willing to entertain towards him the same friendly dispositions, though they now know him by a name to which religious prejudice may have rendered them hostile; and that, whithersoever it may lead, they will acknowledge the merits of conscientious disinterestedness, and not allow the illiberality of the politician to influence the decision of the literary judge:

cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?

As to my first work, "Transalpine "Memoirs," most of the reviewers who have noticed it, have done so with indulgence and commendation: I beg them to accept my thanks. There are, however, two heads of accusation against me: some have questioned my judgment in matters relating to the Fine Arts; and one—the Monthly Review—after show-

ing its ability to pierce an author's incognito by abusing *me*, even *me!* (who had not been on English ground since my eleventh birth-day) as a moody Cockney, a twaddling John who had never before lost sight of the streets of London—proceeds to doubt whether, professing myself a Catholic, I in reality believe in any religious creed. If religious belief announces itself by intolerant, bigoted language, such as the writer in that Review indulges in, I certainly do not believe. With this answer, I should have dismissed the subject; but as some English Catholics have often been inclined to doubt the orthodoxy of my principles, I refer them to what I said in the preface to the work in question: where, professing myself a Catholic, I beg them to distinguish between matters of *doctrine*, and matters of *discipline;* and where, agreeing to the

former, I declare I do not consider myself bound to approve every mistaken or corrupt practice affecting only the latter. The German Reviews praise me, because, "though a Catholic, I am, by "no means, a Papist:" some of the English reviewers, to whom this distinction is unknown, have said that, "though "a Catholic, I am not a bigot."* I thank them for admitting that the two characters are not necessarily allied: let English Catholics do as much; their religion does not stand in need of the paltry, despicable, imagined aid of bigotry.

As to those who object to my opinions on subjects relating to the Fine Arts, in the language of Rousseau, "*je prie ces "juges, si prompts à la censure, de con- "sidérer que ce qu'ils disent là, je le "sais tout aussi bien qu'eux; que j'y ai*

* See the advertisement at the end of the volume.

"*probablement refléchi plus long tems, et* "*que, n'ayant nul intéret à leur en* "*imposer, j'ai le droit d'exiger qu'ils se* "*donnent au moins le tems de chercher* "*en quoi je me trompe.*" Though the cursory plan of the work prevented me from declaring the grounds of my criticism on St. Peter's, and though I omitted to explain the difference of opinion which, in Italy, exists as to the merits of Michael Angelo, who, in England, is thought of with unqualified admiration; yet I believe I should be borne out in my observations by any travelled, impartial artist. Having long basked in the brightest rays of the art which I had eagerly and assiduously studied, I may, in fact, be supposed to have been in some degree qualified to give an opinion upon it, and to venture out of the hackneyed *laudatory* track pursued by most tourists. Universal admiration, they well know, is

more easily bestowed than occasional blame. Some knowledge of the art, and a taste chastened by familiar acquaintance with its finest productions, are requisite to him who dares to discriminate.

I trust, therefore, that any new opinion which I may give in the following pages on any work of the Fine Arts, will not be attributed to ignorant presumption.

As this volume, also, contains the relation of a tour, I have wished, by the title, to approximate it to "Transalpine "Memoirs." Whatever may be its other "descriptive" merits, I own that I announce it under a name which does not convey a very adequate idea of its contents: but some of my readers may still remember the Cisrhenane and Transrhenane Republics—called into momentary existence by the arms of revoluntionary France.

Bath, 8th April, 1828.

TRANSRHENANE MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
  Leavening his blood as Cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
  Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits:
  For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great *end* of travel—which is driving.

Don Juan. Canto X.

I ARRIVED here, at Metz, late last evening,—31st May, 1827. I intend to leave it early to-morrow morning, having dedicated one day to repose and sight-seeing. I have already paid my devoirs to all the lions of the place; I have whiled away two hours on a

bench in the public walk, drawing caricatures of all the worthies who passed before me; but now time begins to hang heavy upon my hands, and I know not how to employ the remainder of the day. During my future journey, the same question, the same difficulty will, I fear, often arise. An idle visitor in a strange town, I shall frequently, as at present, find time too slow for my impatience: pen and paper will offer a resource, which I shall then, as at present, eagerly seize.

To begin. Wherefore have I quitted Paris? "The consciousness of present evils, and "the forgetfulness of those which are absent, "occasion inconstancy." To inconstancy must, then, my roving spirit be attributed?—not entirely, though I suspect that it might, in a great degree, be traced to that source. With the exception of a few months I have lived, since my eleventh birth-day, away from my native country: from personal observation, I am able to appreciate all that can be said for or against the French and the Italians; I am now anxious to become acquainted with the Germans. Though I have no curiosity on

any given object—that sentiment has, I regret to say, been exhausted—yet I still retain a curiosity of a more extensive, of a more comprehensive sort: I love the study of human nature; it is man rather than his works that I desire to investigate. One reason more: an unoccupied man, much of my time is given to literature; the acquisition of the German language will offer to me a new mine of instruction and amusement.

"*Vu à l' Ambassade d'Autriche*
"*Bon pour Vienne.*"

Such is the latest inscription which I read on my much be-scribbled passport. But I cannot engage to give a regular, a systematic account of the country I am about to traverse. Writing solely to pass away my "hours of idleness," that which happens to be uppermost in my mind will always be first expressed. When I shall have completed my tour, I will read over the sentiments to which it will have given rise, and should I think my notes worthy of the perusal of the public, to the public will I submit them.

All the incongruities and disparate subjects which may be brought together in my future book, however foreign they may be to one another, will, therefore, be agreeable to the plan I have adopted; for my only plan is—to confine myself to none:

——— "while idleness weaves
"Her flowrets together, if Wisdom can see
"One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
"From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me."

It is at once evident that I myself shall be the hero of the following pages. I know not how to obviate the objection otherwise than by praying that I may meet with such adventures, such romantic dangers and hair-breadth escapes, as may contribute to render me a not uninteresting personage. Yet, after all, I shall only be the channel of communication between the reader and the subject of his study: and

—— "if, perhaps, some gentler mind
"Which rather loves to praise than blame,
"Should in my page an interest find,
"And linger kindly on my name;

" Let it,—or, oh! if gentler still,
" By female lips my name be blest;
" Ah! where do all affections thrill
" So sweetly as in woman's breast?"—

let it acknowledge the frankness with which I have thus far exposed, and shall hereafter continue to expose, my intentions, my thoughts, and my feelings.

THE COUPÉ.

The *Coupé* of a French *diligence* is roomy and easy, and, did the coach advance with greater speed, it would be, by no means, an unpleasant conveyance. But in France no one travels for what Madame de Staël calls the *triste plaisir* of travelling; and the tenants of a French stage-coach belong, in general, to the lower classes of society. There is something humiliating, not to say distressing, in being thus confounded with our inferiors: the sentiment is absurd, but the vanity of our nature cannot, at first, overcome it. When the Emperor of China follows the plough, and

when Catholic Sovereigns wash the feet of poor pilgrims, I know little of the human heart if their Majesties do not find a subject of pride in their momentary condescension. "Excellent," exclaims the portly Alderman, when he tastes a *cheap broth*, and hypocritically smacks his polluted lips, "excellent "food for the poor:" but in the midst of his Christian or political humiliation, both the monarch and the alderman is known and respected as such; whereas, in my French stage-coach, IGNOTUS *Lybiæ deserta peragro.*

This mention of the deserts of Lybia is not so much out of place, so Irish, as might at first appear. If the country between Paris and Metz is not barrẽn, it is to thẽ full as uninteresting as it could be were that the case, and I see little to choose between a boundless view of sands and one of uninclosed corn-fields. Indeed, so open is this part of France, that one would suppose hedges were proscribed by law, and that

"*Ne signare quidem aut partire limite campum*
"*Fas erat.*"

There was with me, in the *coupé*, a young man—a clerk in the *Prefecture* of Metz. In the course of conversation, I almost succeeded in my endeavours to persuade him that the battle of Waterloo was not fought in the plains of Champagne, which we were then traversing! I had, at another time, been engaged in a discussion with a Frenchman who asserted that Napoleon had undertaken his expedition to Moscow in order to reach a point of Russia from whence, owing to the shortness of the distance, he could, without difficulty, build a bridge by which to invade England! Most travellers would adduce this anecdote as an incontrovertible proof of the universal geographical ignorance of the French nation; but travellers, of all men, should not draw general conclusions from solitary examples.

My companion in the *coupé* contested, moreover, the exactness of some facts, relating to England, which I thought myself qualified to advance. In order to establish my claims to his belief, I at length, after four and twenty hours, informed him that I was myself an Englishman. He stared widely; and, from

that moment, I lost the little influence I had obtained over his mind: for he immediately attributed all I said to the blindness of national prejudice. National prejudice!—would that I were sensible to it! would that I were even more blinded by that glowing bandage of affection! would that, like so many others, from Don Quixote downwards, I could pass through the world challenging all I met to acknowledge the universal superiority of my *Dulcinea del Toboso!* But when, like Sancho Pança, I look at her with the unfascinated eyes of reason and investigation, like him I find her hands coarse and rough; and though I might not object to those glittering pearls which her injudicious lover had attributed to her, being transformed into good, useful wheat, yet I regret to find that wheat so mixed with blighted and worthless grains, that it can with difficulty be separated from them.

The coach was stopped by a dozen of the *Garde Nationale*—local militia—who, with banners flying, and to the sound of a drum and fife, preceded a shabby open carriage. It contained the religious and respectable looking

figure of the Bishop of Châlons, who was going to administer the sacrament of Confirmation to the children of a small village. As he alighted from his carriage and walked with mild and even evangelical demeanour towards the church, he was received with revolting levity by many of the by-standers. The imprudent conduct of the French government and of a portion of the clergy has, I fear, done an almost irreparable injury to the cause of religion in France.

We passed through Verdun. Oh! my poor countrymen who were imprisoned in this paltry place, how do I pity your lot! But if, as is asserted, your detention was a measure of reprisal, called for by an unwarrantable aggression, who shall blame the author of it?

The unpaid debts contracted by the English in this neighbourhood are said to have occasioned the ruin of many French families.——Repress that slight sentiment of exulting revenge: it is unworthy of both you and me.

The sight of Verdun aroused again my patriotic English feelings. So long as the mind broods indistinctly over unknown places

of banishment, it is little able to appreciate the evil: but let it fix, even in imagination, on any one particular spot, and all the horrors of exile will at once overwhelm it. Whatever may be the inferiority of our own country to that to which we are banished—a supposition to which I am very far from acceding—I pity the man who first said *ubi bene ibi patria.*

On crossing a small stream, a white object was perceived extended beside it on the grass at a short distance from the road: two or three persons were standing over it. We were told that it was the body of a young girl who had just put a criminal end to her unknown wretchedness. The coach passed heedless on.

Metz, from whence I date this, is one of the strongest places in France. It stands at the confluence of the Moselle and the Seille, in the centre of an immense plain which can be inundated in eight and forty hours. Its usual garrison, in time of peace, amounts to ten thousand men. The number of its inhabitants is about forty-five thousand. It is rather well built, but contains nothing to interest a stranger.

Reader! the evening has passed away while I have been writing for you: so far, I have accomplished my object. I have, moreover, conducted you over the ground I had traversed in my first stage. Henceforward let us travel on together;—thinking and feeling together, and together gazing upon the blooming flowers and the more unseemly weeds that may present themselves on our passage.

Et vos, o lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte;
Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

THE CONDUCTEUR.

Paley, in his Natural Theology, mentions, as one great proof of the existence of a Creator, the different coverings which are so appropriately given to each species of living beings. "Could chance, or any fortuitous circum-"stances," he exclaims in well-founded admiration, "have created feathers to the bird, "scales to the fish, and hairs to the cattle?" What would the divine have said, had he heard his whole train of argument overturned by the

conducteur of the *diligence* from Metz to Strasbourg, who, finding a short hair in the dish of meat before him, observed, with a most ludicrously grave countenance, "*le bon Dieu* "*ne devoit pas mettre de poils sur le dos des* "*bêtes*,—God did wrong in putting hairs on "the backs of oxen."

I was much interested in the character of this man. With that ignorance of all acquired knowledge usually found in those of his situation, he had a clear, reasoning head, free from prejudice, and spoke on all subjects of a general and political interest—for such subjects are, in France, agitated by all classes of people—with a degree of truth and clear-sightedness which is seldom found in the conversation of his superiors. Mixed with this cool, investigating mind, he possessed a great fund of sensibility, which occasionally burst forth in an interesting manner.

"No!" he exclaimed, taking part in the conversation, "No, the general was old "enough to die. Wherefore should he have "desired to remain here more than sixty "years? His children were grown up, and

"no longer wanted his support; his wife could
"no longer look upon him with her first
"affection. What would a delay of ten addi-
"tional years have availed him? None should
"wish to exceed his age—sixty years. Ac-
"cording to his allowance, I myself have
"twenty years more to pass in the world:
"but were I not wanted, were not my ex-
"istence useful, and very, very useful to my
"seven young children—I would not wish to
"see another day. It is not that I am anxious
"to die; but wherefore should the poor man
"desire to live? What pleasure have I upon
"the earth? A continued routine of labour,
"without the most distant hope of ever better-
"ing my situation.....No, no; a poor man
"ought not to pray for a long life."

The depth of feeling with which he said these words was affecting.

THE VOSGIAN MOUNTAINS.

"There, gentlemen, are the Vosges," he exclaimed, as we halted on the summit of a

steep ascent. My eye followed the outline of the distant ridge. It is not very lofty; but great was the pleasure I felt at again beholding a really hilly country. Since leaving Italy, no where, except in the volcanic province of Auvergne, have I seen any I could call by that name. Neither the pretty hills of England, nor the monotonous fluctuations of the greater part of France—as smooth and unbroken as the ocean's heavy waves after a storm—have been able to awaken within me those recollections and feelings which were aroused by the aspect of the Vosgian mountains. Jeannie Deans says, in the Heart of Midlothian, that, "when she could no longer "see the great hill near—she felt as though "she had lost a friend."

THE DREAM.

"Those mountains of the Vosges," said the *conducteur*, "are, as you may perceive, "thickly studded with ruined castles, whose "formerly strong-built walls now lie crumbling

"in the hollow dales and dark shades of the
"vallies, or still totter on the time-worn
"summits of their barren rocks. Behold that
"sugar-loaf mountain that rises in front of
"the main ridge: its pinnacle is crowned by
"a few dismantled walls, which now scarce
"mark the situation and extent of what was,
"some centuries ago, one of the strongest
"manors of Lorraine. The deep ditch which
"then defended it, is now choaked up with
"rubbish and creeping-plants, which stretch
"across and conceal the fragments of its once
"proud battlements. Of the strong tower
"which formed its hold, nothing now remains
"but the heavy corner stones of its angles,
"which, piled one upon the other, rise high
"in the air, and seem to pierce into the bosom
"of that gray cloud that soars above. Observe
"how much narrower is the base of this un-
"steady pillar, if it may be so called, than its
"summit: and yet it still stands! while a
"verdant string of wall-flowers, suspended to
"its highest stone, is carried to and fro by
"the mountain wind, and blooms in apparent
"mockery of its ruined support!

"In that castle once lived the Count "d'Abbo; one of the most powerful of those "feudal chiefs who daily disturbed the un- "steady reign of their only nominal Sovereign. "By his wife, the Count had a numerous "progeny: all of these were not, however, "equally loved by their parents. Their "second son was unjustly loaded with their "smothered hatred, which only wanted an "opportunity to break forth and overwhelm "its innocent victim.

"One morning, the unsuspecting young "man addressed his parents in the following "terms: 'Sir Count and my Lady mother, I "'dreamed, last night, a most extraordinary "'dream. It seemed to me that I were lord "'of a kingdom, and that, amongst an innu- "'merable throng of bare-footed suppliants, "'my father and mother kneeled before me!'

"This dream made a strong impression on "the Count. The unjust are ever suspicious; "and he feared lest it were his waking wishes "that had pressed the image upon the sleep- "ing mind of his son. The Countess tried "not to allay his distrust; and their son was,

"in some sort, banished from his father's "mansion.

"He took refuge with his uncle the Arch- "bishop of..... Holà, postillion! are you "asleep? If you continue at that pace, the "gates of Strasbourg will be closed before "we arrive!"

Taking advantage of this self-interruption, I said, "But, my good fellow, your story is "even older than you would have us to sup- "pose."—"Nay, he replied, listen to the "rest; how he became a priest; how he was "made Pope; how".....“No, I've read it "all in the Old Testament."—"Where?"— "The story of Joseph and his brethren."

He evidently did not know to what I alluded. "A Christian, and not know the history of "Joseph!" I exclaimed to myself. "But," I then argued, "even according to the "Christian religion, is an acquaintance with "that beautiful story necessary to his salvation? "Can he not fulfil the duties of a good Christ- "ian, without having read that affecting portion "of the Jewish history?"

THE COUNTRY.

The appearance of the country gradually improves. The villages are neater; the habitations of the poor are larger and more comfortable; their features assume a more round and heavy cast; their *patois* approaches nearer and nearer to the German language; and a French order, accompanied by a German translation, is given us by the French police at the gate of Strasbourg.

CHAPTER II.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft.
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirr'd with prayer.

Don Juan. Canto III.

BEFORE me was the bridge of boats that crosses the Rhine. I was now about to quit France; to bid adieu to the country in which I had passed the greater part of my life. I cannot say that I was sorry: but, though the stream consents to leave the valley and follow its distant course, yet it first turns in gentle, loitering eddies, round the verdant nook in which it has risen from the earth, and which

it is so soon condemned to abandon. Or, as Byron has it,

> " On leaving e'en the most unpleasant people
> " And places, one keeps looking at the steeple."

The beautiful and justly-admired, though perhaps too heavy, steeple of Strasbourg was behind, and the position of the carriage alone prevented me from exemplifying the truth of the bard's observation. And I must own that I was sensible to a momentary sinking of my feelings, when the wheels rolled off the soil of France.

The country that here borders upon the Rhine is flat and little deserving of notice. But how majestically does the river flow through it! What a sweeping, smooth current of waters! Excepting the Rhone, which is far from being its equal, how petty, how insignificant do all other rivers appear, when memory recurs to them from the banks of this triumphant torrent! Though still in its infancy, though it has still to receive the many tributary streams that afterwards join it, yet how it already lords it over the surrounding country! On beholding most other rivers,

we are impressed with the sentiment that they are created for the benefit of the country through which they flow; whereas the shores of the Rhine seem to be perfectly dependent on the stream, and to be placed near it solely to observe its benevolent, but domineering passage.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

"Here is my farewell gift," she said to me on the evening before I quitted Paris: "it "was given by Napoleon himself, whilst at "St. Helena, to my friend Colonel ——. The "celebrated Baron Denon, to whom I gave a "few hairs of the same lock, wore them in a "medallion to the hour of his death, in testi- "mony of his well-known affection towards the "ex-emperor." Thankfully did I receive the present: I opened the paper; my hand trembled: what a gift! what a relic!

Napoleon! what are the sentiments thou wouldst think necessary to constitute a worthy possessor of this lock of thy hair? I cannot

look upon it with the blind admiration of many, of many to whom thou wert the day-star, nay, the very god himself of glory. I cannot water it with the warm tear of affection which many who have been honoured with thy friendship, and have been able to appreciate thy great qualities, would shed over this precious memorial wrested from thy island-tomb. With idle curiosity, not even the most insignificant mind can behold it. No; thou hast banished indifference from the world in which thou hast been known: admiration, affection, or hatred may be aroused in the bosom of him who looks upon these hairs, but with indifference they will never be beheld!

Did these hairs still retain the bright hue they wore in thy youth, they might, perhaps, awaken more impetuous feelings than they now call forth: for now they are tinged with the silvery gray of age; they confer upon thee a character different from that in which our minds are wont to behold thee. It is not now the triumphant chieftain, the mighty lord of the most powerful empire that ever awed the civilized world, who presents himself

to our imaginations:—no! it is the fallen soldier, it is the fallen monarch, who is brought before us. It is no longer the warrior, strong in the pride of youth and glory, threatening terrified and crouching kings with his displeasure, and avenging and pardoning the treacherous actions of his enemies;—it is no longer Napoleon, Emperor of France, whom these gray hairs call up before our minds:—no! it is Napoleon, conquered by the united efforts of persevering Europe; it is Napoleon, deprived of his power, deprived of his well-earned trophies, deprived of the company of his only son, betrayed, exiled, and imprisoned;—it is Napoleon, confined on a barren rock, in the midst of a distant ocean, sinking under the weight of years, of illness, and of sorrow;—it is Napoleon, still the object of anxious dread, of despairing hope, and of faithful affection,—himself advancing towards the grave, without one ray of comfort to brighten the dreary prospect, while age, stealing on with its icy touch, and sorrow aggravated by despair, bleach the falling hairs of his fine

forehead, and give him a more venerable, a more holy aspect!

Napoleon! it is under such an aspect that, on beholding the gray, silvery hairs mixed in this lock, thy image presents itself to me, and it is under such an aspect that I most love to consider thee;—grander and more imposing when chained to thy solitary island rock, than when heading thy victcrious armies and surrounded by the pomp of empires;—more proudly entombed in the bosom of the ocean than thou couldst have been in the marble domes of thy capital. Yes, Napoleon! the inaccessible rock of St. Helena forms the grandest page of thy history—an imposing monument, reared by the fears of Europe, to the upstart, to the conquered, to the still-dreaded Emperor!

Deem not, then, that thou art fallen into unworthy hands, thou precious lock! Deem not that thou art dishonoured by being transferred into the possession of a humble foreigner—by accompanying him in his wanderings over that world, which he of whom

thou art a relic, did once almost call his own. Which of those kings, amongst whom it was his fatal ambition to seat himself, which of them will leave a memorial thus prized after his death by one who had never beheld him living? Even thy present degradation is honourable; and thus mayest thou with just pride again pass over this majestic Rhine, which so often opposed to thee its waters in vain, and those kingdoms which formerly arose or disappeared at thy wearer's mighty nod;—and, thus more truly triumphant, again pass over those scenes of carnage and of glory, those fields of Wagram, of Dresden, of Leipzig, and of Waterloo, which his success or his misfortunes have for ever illustrated!

Object not, then, Napoleon, to this lock of thy hair being thus enclosed in a travelling trunk, and thus rudely transported from coach to coach, from inn to inn, and from kingdom to kingdom; but see proofs of thy triumph in thy fall itself, and glory in the inappreciating words of thy national living poet:

" *Une ile t'a reçu sans couronne et sans vie*
" *Toi qu'un empire immense eut peine à contenir;*

" *Sous la tombe, où s'éteint ton royal avenir,*
" *Descend avec toi seul toute une dynastie.*
" *Et le pecheur le soir s'y repose en chemin ;*
" *Reprenant ses filets qu' avec peine il soulève,*
" *Il s'éloigne à pas lents, foule ta cendre, et rêve.....*
" *A ses travaux du lendemain.*"

THE DINNER.

These thoughts on Napoleon had been occasioned by the sight of the Rhine and of the German frontier custom-house at Kehl, before which I now drove without being questioned as to the contents of my trunk :—this was an unusual degree of forbearance on the part of the officers. I stopped at the clean, regularly-built town of Rastadt—overlooked by the handsome Grand Ducal palace. I consented to dine at the *table d'hôtes* at one o'clock :—this, I am told, is the usual dinner-hour throughout Germany. I must now mention a few peculiarities which I observed.

A cloth was laid at one end of a long table, beside which three guests placed themselves. After helping us to soup, I was surprised to

see the master of the inn seat himself beside my opposite neighbour, and his daughter, a blooming, pretty looking lass, place herself on the chair below me. This, it seems, is the custom: it is, at least, agreeable to the original meaning of the phrase *table d'hôtes*, and the whole of what I now beheld for the first time, was a humble, but an exact copy of the forms of such a German meal. Immediately after the soup, followed the *bouillie*—boiled beef—with which currant-jelly and vegetables were eaten: in France, vegetables always follow the meat in an almost separate course. The fish was brought neither at the beginning as in England, nor at the end as in France, but seemed a sort of half-way break. I had before witnessed another innovation still more extraordinary:—with an *entrée* of wild boar, they eat a fried omelet! My expression of surprise was answered by the assurance that the Germans mixed every sort of food together. Perhaps in this case, also, they may excuse themselves by alleging, "*Nos Germăni* "*quantitătem non curămus.*"

At the head of the table sat a lieutenant in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden, who, not wishing to lose the sauce of his meat, cut out small square pieces of bread, which, being carefully fixed at the end of his fork, did the office of a sponge in collecting the liquid gravy. Do I here see a sample of polished German manners?

Silver forks, so common and general in France, are already replaced by steel, which—except in the first private houses—are alone used in the country I am about to visit.

Although, as a drinker of port would declare, they are as weak as water, yet the small white wines of this neighbourhood are very pleasant, and must be grateful in hot weather. They are, comparatively, much dearer than the *vins ordinaires* of France.

GERMAN-ENGLISH.

With other notices in the inn at Rastadt, was a German handbill which had been thus translated into English:—

"Advice of an Hotel.

"The underwritten has the honour of in-
"forming the public that he has made the
"acquisition of the hotel to the SAVAGE, well
"situated in the middle of this city. He
"shall endeavour to do all duties which gen-
"tlemen travellers can justly expect; and
"invites them to please to convince themselves
"of it by their kind lodgings at his house.

"Basil July 1825.

"Jr. Singisem,

"Before the tenant of the hotel to the
Stock in this city."

AN ELEGANT EQUIPAGE.

All the Baden coaches had already left Rastadt; I, therefore, accepted the inn-keeper's offer to procure me a *petite voiture* —little carriage, with one horse, for myself. On returning from a stroll through the town, I found my trunk placed in a long four-wheeled waggon, the narrow body of which

was formed of rough poles and basket work: to either side was fastened the end of a bench. A chair was brought out, and, from it, I lept into my "little carriage"—greatly amused by the seriousness with which the by-standers, to whom the sort of vehicle was no novelty, looked on. The horse, however, was not a bad one; and its harness was neater than any I had seen in French *diligences:* but, before we had advanced far, I discovered that instead of running between two shafts as I had supposed, its off side only was flanked by the solitary pole of the waggon:—this economical method is often practised in Germany. I endeavoured to enter into conversation with the peasant who drove the horse: he answered me in German. "Now, indeed, I am in for "it! Alone, amidst a foreign people, unable "to speak a word of their language."

Such were my reflections; but I was too much occupied by the novelty of the situation to give way to them.

BADEN AND THE BLACK FOREST.

Passing before a small tavern—in which crowds of country people were waltzing to the music of a band which would have been admired in the most polished circles of other countries—I wandered by the side of the shallow, rippling stream that winds between the town and the public gardens. The latter are laid out in irregular walks, which stretch prettily up the side of the hill. In the center is a large building containing reading, coffee, and gambling rooms. A few people were standing round the table for *roulette*, but scarcely any took part in the play. The game had, however, one constant votary: at each turn, he threw down a few pieces of silver,—at each turn, they were drawn aside by the sequestrating rake of the banker. The countenance of the gambler grew more and more dark: his dress proved him to be a humble inhabitant of the place, who could ill afford the loss he was incurring: he hesitated, and seemed inclined to retire. Again he threw

down his stake; again it was seized by the banker. He now began to be visibly agitated: the eyes of the company were fixed upon him: he bit his lip, and, with a convulsive quickness of movement, again hazarded a few pieces. The *roulette* went round: he won: his previous losses were now made up to him: he will now surely withdraw? What, when fortune begins to favour him? No! he confidently replaces his money on the same numbers. I retired in disgust.

Baden occupies the bottom of a narrow valley. On three sides rise the bold, fir-covered rock of the Black Forest. At some distance, on one of the lofty, sugar-loaf, wooded pinnacles, I beheld the irregular walls of an ancient castle, whose ruined towers seemed almost to float amongst the clouds that hung over and around them. A narrow road, and frequent guide-posts, pointed out the way to "*Le vieux Chateau.*"

By this broken path I rose higher and higher on the mountain, winding under a magnificent, but often interrupted, forest arch. In a short time nothing was visible but the

fine trees that towered around, and the lowly underwood, whose light spring leaves were pleasingly contrasted with the black shades of the ever-dismal pine,—

" Dark tree, still sad when other's grief is fled,
" The only constant mourner o'er the dead!"

The heavy showers of rain which had fallen a few hours before had refreshed the sultry air, and the clear drop of water which still glistened on the point of each trembling leaf, seemed to have conveyed new life to every plant of the forest. The mists hung over the vallies beneath, and the shaggy clouds, which still lingered in the lower atmosphere, clung, in thick folds, to the lofty sides of the dropping rocks. The faintly-swelling music of the village band, and the softened bark of the distant dogs, were the only sounds which arose from the neat town below: but near me, the air was all alive. I did not hear the loved Italian hum of

" The shrill cicala—people of the pine;"

but all the trees around sent forth the music of innumerable birds, rejoiced by the late change of temperature, and anxious to sing

out their happiness, while yet the sun remained above the horizon. The deeper notes of the cuckoo broke, at times, from beyond the cloud that canopied the trees above, and supplied the harmony that was wanting in the too shrill accents of the lesser birds. Every thing was soft and gentle ; every thing breathed of pure and quiet happiness. From a projecting angle the waters of the Rhine were seen winding through their distant, silent plain, which, beyond its lordly stream, was bounded by the gray Vosgian mountains.

At length I approached the brow of the hill crowned by the castle which had attracted my notice from the gardens below, though it was at this place almost completely veiled by the surrounding wood of firs, of oaks, and of here-majestic beech trees. Other sounds than those which had hitherto delighted me, now suddenly proceeded from its partially-concealed ruins. The favourite air of the "*Dame Blanche*"—

> "*D'ici voyez ce beau domaine*
> "*Dont les crenaux touchent le ciel*"—

was partly sung, and partly whistled, in a

manner which plainly showed that the unseen minstrel meant to apply them to the ruins that surrounded him. I stopped to listen. Many well-known airs were repeated in the same unsettled style, and the musician seemed to delight in thus varying the manner of his performance—making those parts which he whistled, in some sort, an accompaniment to the song. By thus carelessly repeating many light Italian and French romances, he led me to conclude that it was on the musing solitude of some lively French visiter of the waters of Baden that I was about to intrude; and I was on the point of advancing forward, when a well-known English tune was commenced, in a tone of deeper feeling than I had traced in any of the other airs. On hearing the unseen dreamer slowly *whistle* the first couplet, I immediately concluded that he was an Englishman—for I knew that the tune he was repeating had not yet been adopted by foreigners: what then was my surprise when, in a slow and thoughtful manner, he *sung* the following translation of the second verse?

De l'exilé la joie même est toujours amère ;
C'est en vain que les plaisirs, les palais l'appellent ;
Quelque humble qu'il soit, c'est le toit de son père
Qui attire ses pensées—il ne vit plus qu'en elles !

With curious levity he suddenly abandoned the musing, melancholy tone to which he had given way, and gaily repeated a light air of the new opera of "*Marie.*"

I now pushed forward, determined to discover who this sentimental, cosmopolite dreamer might be—for I own that he had awakened no small degree of interest within me. I passed under the low portals, and traversing the grass-grown courts of the ruined castle, clambered to the top of the highest remaining turret. The view from hence was delightful; the position of the castle is most commanding. The ridges and the vales of the thickly-wooded chain of mountains rose and sunk on every side, and a rich plain extended far on the right and on the left. The sun had just gone down in front, and had left the purple clouds tinged with a beautiful light the shades of which were richly varied as they floated past on high. The

scenery was, in fact, fully calculated to inspire that thoughtful, melancholy, and, at the same time, contented state of mind which seemed to have fastened on the unseen being to whom I had so long listened. But him, whomsoever he might be, I was unable to join. The only person I saw from the top of the ruined turret, was a very young man, whose nation I could not determine, and who, rising slowly from the stone on which he had been sitting, took his watch from his waistcoat pocket, drew together and gently pressed to his lips a few long, light hairs, which appeared to be tied to its ring, and then, leaping from fragment to fragment, disappeared in the hollow path of the forest.

CHAPTER III.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blessed arms, looked round,
Spared by some chance when all around was spoiled;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

Don Juan. Canto XIII.

When I was sitting down to breakfast, this morning, I was startled by a loud rap at the door, and a tall, stately lady walked into my room. She addressed me in a volley of German; I interrupted her in a no less copious strain of French: she did not understand the language, and we gazed in silence at each other. At length, I called a waiter to be our interpreter. "Madame, or Made-"moiselle, he did not know which, was, like

"myself, anxious to proceed to Carlsruhe, and "desired to know if I would pay half the ex- "pense of a carriage?" There were no public conveyances, and I readily assented to her proposal. In a couple of hours we set off in a neat open calash, drawn by two good horses.

My companion was of "a certain age," but could still boast of fine features and lively black eyes. Our attempts to establish a conversation were, however, truly ludicrous and entertaining. Each endeavour which each one made in his own language, always terminated in a burst of laughter—the only intelligible mode of communication between us. But as I, every now and then, hazarded a word which I knew to be common to both the English and the German languages, the lady asserted that it was only from spite that I refused to talk, and, persuaded that my ignorance was feigned, she was often inclined to be seriously displeased.

She called to the *Kutscher* to stop at an alehouse. An immense glass tankard of beer was brought out: she insisted upon my

tasting it—and upon my tasting it first; then, having taken a long draught herself, she gave the remainder to the coachman, whom I understood to say "that, although he had, "that instant, taken a glass of wine, there "could be no harm in the mixture." Was not this one of those scenes which our imaginations always place in Germany?

We stopped to dine at Rastadt. The looks of the lady became more animated: she shook her knife at me, when I did not understand her words; and, at length, found sufficient French to tell me that she thought me a "*joli garçon:*" then, taking an immense gold ring from her finger, she desired to exchange it with the one I myself wore. "What! after an acquaintance of an hour and "a half—during which neither understands "the language of the other—are proposals of "this nature to be expected? Is this the "German sentimentalism, of which we hear "so much?" Thus I reasoned in my own mind; while, in most polished and verbose French, I declined the lady's offer.

Her curiosity and *dépit* at not under-

standing what was said were most remarkably ludicrous, when contrasted with the loquacious politeness, and affected earnestness, with which it was spoken. During the remainder of the journey, she was evidently uncomfortable and embarrassed: but a second glass of beer by the road-side rather restored her equilibrium; and at the gate of Carlsruhe, when a police-officer enquired, my name, she replied with a laugh, "that I was a Frenchman who could "neither understand nor be understood."

For my own part, I do not see that I have any cause to lament my ignorance of the language. Two days are not yet passed since I left the territory of France, and, before that time, I had never looked into a German book.

CARLSRUHE.

Carlsruhe is a most regularly-built town. All its streets begin at the great square, in front of the handsome ducal palace, and stretch, in a straight line, to the walls which enclose the semicircle through which they

pass. The other half of that circle is occupied by an extensive park for the chase of the Sovereign. All the streets of the town are wide; in all of them are side pavements—so seldom found in continental cities; and did the houses rise to twice their present height, Carlsruhe would be a most magnificent town.

I am told that the Duke of Baden keeps a standing army of fifteen thousand men. Being sovereign of a frontier state, he probably thinks it prudent to maintain a force capable of resisting any sudden irruption of the French, and to inure his subjects to the fatigues of a military life;—for, with this standing army, few of them can escape learning their manual exercise; fifteen thousand men form a great part of the effective population of his dominions.

DRIVE TO STUTTGARD.

"What," I enquired of the innkeeper, "is become of the lady who travelled here "with me?" 'She has proceeded onwards;

'but she seems not to be *grande chose*.' "I "am glad you think so, for I should be sorry "did *she* offer a true specimen of the manners "of her countrywomen."

The lower part of the ridge of hills on which grows the Black Forest, separates the territory of Carlsruhe from that of Stuttgard. The road between these two places presents nothing extraordinary. The general appearance of the country is more pleasing than that on the French bank of the Rhine; the roads are narrow, but in better repair; the land is cultivated with more care and neatness.

During several miles, I followed the line of a stream the whole surface of which was covered by small loose pieces of fire-wood, which, after they had been cut up and prepared in the mountains, had been cast upon the descending torrent, which thus, without occasioning any trouble or expense, carried them to their distant destination. Such, I am informed, is the common practice in Germany; and severe penalties are incurred by those who, if I may thus express myself, attack these unprotected flotillas. "*Un rêveur comme*

"*moi*," as Rousseau says of himself, could not but see some analogy between these pieces of wood and the human state of mankind :— a noble plant, created and reared in the "higher places," committed pure and light to the current of the lower world, which gradually soaks deeper and deeper into its most inward core, checking the freedom and buoyancy of its course, so that the longer is its career, the more heavy and slow becomes its progress, and the more is it rendered unfit for that end to which it was, from the first, destined, and to attain which it was committed to the boisterous, hurrying torrent.

The crosses which rose here and there by the road-side have now disappeared. In the eastern part of France, through which I have just passed, their number becomes greater towards the frontier. In the states of the Duke of Baden, they are also very frequent : but the greater part of the population of Wurtemberg is Protestant. This custom of erecting crosses is, perhaps, in some places, carried too far ; but, on the whole, I like it. It is impossible but that the sight of that

symbol should produce some effect, however slight, upon even the most unthinking mind: and that effect would be more often produced, were the crosses alone erected—without the revolting, ill-executed figure, which is frequently attached to them. I have heard Protestants regret that this symbol was not more respected by those of their religion. It is generally found on the summit of their churches—true; but the Catholic custom of signing one's self with the sign of the cross was too beautiful, too eloquent, too feeling to be abandoned: it ought to have remained a mark of recognition to all those who believe in Him who died upon it. A Catholic Englishman related to me that a poor Irish labourer once called upon him in England: my friend told him that he was, like himself, a Catholic: "Oh! you all say so," the peasant distrustfully replied: the Englishman made the sign of the cross on his breast: "now, indeed, I know that you 're a true "one."

STUTTGARD.

I must not pass over this town in silence, though little can be said of it. Obliged to remain here one day, I feel, to their utmost extent, all the horrors of that worst of maladies—ennui. The German grammar and dictionary, *Wörterbuch*—Wordbook, as they expressively name it—do not offer a very interesting resource; and my state of mind is such that I am afraid of resorting to my usual time-killer, lest, in the present instance, my malady should prove infectious, and I should transfer too great a portion of it to you, gentle reader! I had, indeed, almost determined to inflict upon you a lengthened discussion on the nature and properties of orange-trees: for after I had long lounged through the gardens of the handsome royal palace, studied the physiognomy of every solemn swan—pity they had not been geese! —that glided on the surface of the clear water contained in the basins, and analysed the hues of all the gold fishes that swam, not less

solemnly, beneath them,—after I had thus dwelt upon all the animal beauties of the garden, I disconsolately turned to the vegetable wonders it contained.

We are told of the astonishment, surprise, and admiration, with which the natives of the South first witness a fall of snow,—and good cause have they for that surprise, as I myself, who had never seen the phenomenon till last January, can testify. But even that which is perfectly new to us, does not astonish us so much as a great and unlooked-for change in that which we have ever known under a fixed and unvaried aspect. The sudden appearance in the heavens of another sun, would not surprise an Englishman more than to see that one to which he had been accustomed from his infancy—excepting on cloudy days, "three "parts of every year"—unexpectedly shed forth a bright emerald hue.

It was thus that I pictured to myself the astonishment with which one who had been ever used to wander under the free, far-spreading branches of his native orange-groves,

would first look upon the cramped, mop-headed plants that rose from the square, green-painted boxes around me. I doubted whether he would even recognise the orange-tree in the pitiful-looking shrub before him! What could have so changed it from the happy, joy-awakening tree of his own sunny vallies? Never would he suppose that its ungraceful form was the work of a studious pair of shears, and that it was a careful course of unabated clipping which alone deprived it of those irregular branches which it might otherwise put forth in diminished, but still pleasing, vigour! But were he told that it was to the wish of the people, to the taste of the gardener, that he must attribute the metamorphosis, his perplexed imagination would lead him to admire that ingenuity which seemed able to alter the very nature of all northern orange-trees, and he would exclaim with the poet *adeo in teneris consuescere multum est!*

THE SUABIAN ALPS AND THE DANUBE.

The Suabian Alps which, running from the north-west to the south-east, give to the Danube its eastern direction, are pretty. But he who is acquainted with *the* Alps, can be astonished by the height of few other European mountains: thus Chateaubriand remarks that one who has visited the gigantic rivers of North America carries back but a very small degree of admiration for those which water our own less extensive continent. I have not seen the rivers of America, and it was with a strong, but indefinite, sentiment of respect that I looked down upon the winding course of the Danube. The waters of the Po and of the Tiber are, in themselves, insignificant, when compared to those of the Rhine and the Danube. The deeds of past ages have conferred imperishable glory upon them; but though the voice of triumphant fame has been more constant to their banks, the records it attaches to the Danube and to the Rhine are

dear to the historian, and acquire, perhaps, an additional charm from the greater obscurity in which they are enveloped. The sun is not a more interesting object to the Persian who basks in its uninterrupted rays, than to the Icelander who can only occasionally observe its faintly-glimmering light.

As I have chosen to make the reader of these pages the confidant of those sentiments to which my tour may give rise, I must own that a certain feeling of pride came over me on beholding the waters of the Danube: that I feel, in some sort, raised in my own estimation since I have looked upon the Rhine and the Danube. Now, indeed, I begin to think myself to have some claim to the title of an European traveller! nay more,—for I have walked on the banks of a stream which flows beyond the boundaries of civilized Europe.

ULM.

This is an ancient and irregularly built town. Little known in former days, it is now

pointed out as one of the proud land-marks of Napoleon's genius. Here General Mack, at the head of thirty thousand Austrians, allowed himself to be surrounded, and, without attempting a vain resistance, was compelled to surrender to the fortune of the Emperor of France.

The façade of the Protestant cathedral is of a fine gothic architecture. I wished to see the interior of the church, and walked round to all its doors: I found them all shut. The rain was falling in torrents, and I hope I may be excused if the exclamation "D—mn "these Protestants!" did chance to escape from my disappointed lips. But I do assure the Protestant reader that it was uttered without any feeling of ill-will; that it broke forth in a moment of unthinking peevishness; —for reflection would have told me that *my* curses were superfluous.

Critic, forbear! allow me, also, to joke on your idea of the Catholic faith; and detach not this sentence from that which follows. I concluded the last paragraph in the spirit of that belief which Protestants attribute to us.

But the Catholic Church only asserts that contradictions cannot be equally true; and that, believing in its own doctrine, it is, of necessity, compelled to consider all other doctrines false. Nor does it pretend to determine what will be the future state of those who unintentionally follow false doctrines: but, believing that one particular doctrine has been revealed, it cannot recognise in any the right to differ from it:—those who do differ from it, do so at their own peril. One would suppose that reason and common sense forced this belief upon the followers of every possible creed. But no;—a sort of Christian polytheism is now the fashionable doctrine of the day.

At length a smiling young portress—with a smiling German greeting which I did not understand, but which the lively, contented tone of voice rendered pleasing and acceptable—opened a side door, and ushered me into the interior of the building which had given rise to the preceding controversial remarks. It being Saturday, the aisles felt proportionally damp and cold:—for as Protestant churches

are only opened on Sundays, a short thermometrical calculation will always tell how many days have elapsed since a supply of fresh air was last admitted. The inside of the building presented nothing extraordinary. Its walls are decorated with tomb-stones surmounted by a truly German profusion of armorial bearings. Several of these monuments are inscribed "*patri patriæ*" of the ancient Republic of Ulm. We smile on perceiving this inscription in a little town on the banks of the Danube, though we venerate it in the villages on the shores of the Mediterranean. Is this local distinction just and equitable?

Near the altar of the Church is a gilt bass-relief head of Luther. One would suppose that the good people of the town proportioned their admiration of this "Reformer's" doctrine to the quantity of fat on his cheeks;—for in its massiveness, the artist had completely buried the expression of his other features.

Reader! if your mind begins to frame to itself a characteristic picture of Germany, the object of these unconnected remarks is fulfilled. Meanwhile, we hasten towards Vienna.

CHAPTER IV.

We'll talk of that anon—'Tis sweet to hear
  At midnight, on the blue and moon-lit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
  By distance mellowed, o'er the water's sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
  'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

Don Juan. Canto I.

At length I have been able to meet with a German stage-coach. So little intercourse is there between the different countries, that, on this high road through Germany, the public conveyances—that is, the mails—only pass twice or thrice a week; and as the time of my arrival in the several towns has never chanced to tally with that of their departure, I have been compelled to seek *voiturier's* carriages. The latter are, however, easily

met with, and are somewhat cheaper than the stage coaches. The post-horses, as well as the cart-horses, of this country are very much better than those of France: of the carriage-horses I am unable to speak; for neither in the capital of Baden, nor in that of Wurtemberg, have I seen a single private equipage!

The mail-coaches are, by no means, bad. Their structure is not so large as that of the French *diligences*, and is more neat: they are, however, heavily built. They are drawn by four horses, the harness of which is much better than that of the French post-horses:—it is unnecessary to say that the whole *turn out* is, in every respect, very inferior to a common English stage-coach. Nor do I at all allude to the unrivalled rapidity of English travelling, in saying that the German mails do not get over the ground as quickly as the French *diligences*. But *time* seems to be but of little import to the Germans. Their commerce is not such as to make delay of importance: and they are well content to travel at that pace which best suits the proprietor of the horses—that is to say, the government;

for, throughout the whole of Germany, the concurrence or competition of regularly-established coaches is prohibited.

When, therefore, a German is about to undertake a journey, the only object he can have in inquiring the number of hours or of days which he will have to pass on the road, is this;—that he may be able to decide on the quantity of tobacco which it will be prudent to take with him. If his journey is to last two days, he lays in a certain store of the cherished herb: if it is to be prolonged to three days, he puts half as much more into his pouch.

I ought to say that it is forbidden to smoke in the stage-coaches, if any fellow-traveller raises an objection. But where is he who is not equally an amateur of the consolatory art? Ladies, it is true, do not indulge in it; but I pity her who has not learned to love the odour—as cooks are said to live on the fumes alone of the dishes and stews amongst which they pass their lives.

Pendant to their left sides, the postillions here wear a small hunting horn. This they

often put to an use different to that for which it is intended, and beguile the tediousness of mountain roads by pleasing airs performed with good taste and sufficient skill. Nor is this the only music heard in this country where every peasant is believed to be a musician; for seldom do I enter a village inn which cannot show its humble piano: and during our meals, the country people sometimes assemble in the outward room, and forming a good band with a variety of instruments, call away the, till then, hungry travellers by playing some lively waltz.

At day-break we passed through a handsome street of the formerly imperial town of Augsburg. The bells of the Catholic churches were already calling to the early mass, and many were the female figures that crept through the rainy streets, carrying a well-worn prayer-book in their hands. Those who only visit our churches at fashionable hours, can form but very erroneous opinions on the devotion of the people. Let them inspect them early in the morning, or during the bustle of a working, of a week day,—and

they will ever find some humble suppliants meekly seeking consolation at the foot of the retired altar. And let me tell the Protestant church-shutter, whom I so kindly damned a few pages back, that the power of entering a church at all times is a great consolation to the really religious person. On seeing an open door, even the thoughtless worldling may sometimes be tempted to enter, and a saddening, solacing balm may be unexpectedly cast over his petty, his piteously petty pursuits.

This, I well know, is not according to the language of the age. That age, whether Protestant or Catholic, is too enlightened for every-day prayers! Why should we call upon the Divinity to witness our smooth, egotistically-complacent career? Is religion made for the children of prosperity? In adversity we will wildly cry and rave, and fancy that we are praying: but so long as fortune smiles upon us, we surely do sufficient, when we pay our unmeaning weekly devoirs to the Divinity, in order to keep up a sort of connexion that we may not lose our right of appeal *en cas de besoin*.

MUNICH.

As the present work—if ever it is to be what is so denominated—only pretends to be a *résumé* of the reflections, observations, and sentiments which a traveller notes down in order to occupy the hours that he would otherwise be compelled to pass idly in an hotel, I have no fear of straying from my subject. With me, there can be no such thing as digression: if the interval between one stage and another pass imperceptibly away, *I* am contented; *my* object is fulfilled. And I feel confident that, while perusing these sheets, time will not hang heavy on the hands of the reader. I remember to have seen, in one of the English Reviews, a code of rules by which to judge of the merits of any novel:—"Did the dinner-bell seem to you to "ring earlier than usual? Did you drink "less wine than is your wont? Did you sit "later than on most nights?"

To this sort of test the critic wished to subject all novels. I do not impugn the

justice of his method, or the infallibility of his ordeal, with respect to all works *quæ vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes:* but I must protest against it in the present instance. Mine is not a work of fiction; it can excite no very lively interest; and can only *kill time*, when read by him who never finds time too long-lived.

Munich is a fine, little town—a very respectable capital for a kingdom of the size of that around it. In most of these cities, the royal palace is the prominent building; but at Munich it is merely a very large dwelling-house without any pretension to architectural beauty. Its park, or English garden—thus they flatteringly call all pleasure-grounds which are not laid out with the formal regularity of Louis XIV.—is pretty.

But it is on its literary institutions that Munich prides itself; and these I regret not having visited. None of the people of the hotel in which I was lodged spoke French; and being seized with a fit of insurmountable uncomfortableness, I thus answered a Professor in one of the Colleges who had the goodness

to press me to defer my departure. "But," said he, "you have not seen the royal Picture "Gallery?" 'The floor is now encumbered 'by workmen, and admittance has been denied 'me: besides, the paintings of Munich, how-'ever fine they may be, are less anxiously 'thought of by one who is acquainted with 'every gallery of Italy.' "You have not "seen Canova's fine modern statues?" 'I 'have studied all Canova's most beautiful 'models in his own Roman workshop.' "You "have not seen the extensive collection of "ancient marbles?" 'I have often stumbled 'over the precious marbles that formerly 'adorned the imperial halls, and that now 'impede the cultivation of the vegetables that 'spring up amongst the tottering ruins of the 'once-more *herbosa Palatia*.'

The Professor smiled, and I left Munich. The greater part of the kingdom of Bavaria consists in an extensive plain, which, stretching from the Danube to the Alps, corresponds to that which, on the opposite side, reaches from the slimy waters of the Po to the snow-white barriers of Italy. Yet how different

the aspect of these two plains! In the one, agriculture prospers but little: in the other, we behold the garden of the garden of Europe. Oh, you natives of the North! visit these two countries; compare Lombardy and Bavaria, and you will regret that the Alps enclose but so small a space; that the sun does not extend further the influence of its all-creative rays!

Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum Audeat?

NIGHT.

"You have a new country before you; be "prudent and equal-minded; give up senti- "mentality....." such is the advice which a friend has the kindness to send me. "Give "up sentimentality:"—What! when sitting alone on the top of a Bavarian stage-coach, I see the bright sun set on my left, and its lingering light gradually fade upon the snow-topped Tyrolian mountains that rise into the heavens on my right? when the full-moon

soars above in an unclouded sky, and the whole surrounding plain is hushed in repose, and "sleeping in moon-light luxury?" when nothing interrupts the lovely stillness of the scene, save that, from time to time, the postillions lift their romantic *cors de chasse* from their belts, and sound, in concert, the beautiful *Tyrolienne*—the native song of the neighbouring rocks? when the half-suppressed sounds gradually die away on the gentle breeze, and then again burst forth in noisy brilliancy? when in a strange country, in the midst of a people who speak an unknown tongue, fifteen hundred miles from any friend or acquaintance, I can thus, at the hour of midnight, give way to the undisturbed enjoyment of such a scenery, and think that the same beautiful orb that now shines over this distant plain, illumines also the countries of those who are dear to me, and, perhaps at this moment, serves as a point of attraction to our mutual admiration and our mutual thoughts?.....No! if by "giving up senti-"mentality," my friend recommends a dull insensibility at such an hour, and in such a

situation,—I envy not the aridity which prompts his advice.

MORNING.

Oh, that I could obtain one hour's quiet sleep! How little, when sleeping comfortably in our beds, do we appreciate the repose we enjoy! My coat is damp with dew; I have passed a restless night. The sun is about to rise; the birds are already singing amidst the trees. Poor fools, not to sleep longer, now that you have it in your power! now that you are shaded by your own native woods! now that you are not encaged on....a jolting coach!

THE FRONTIER OF AUSTRIA.

We stopped near a small river flowing between precipitous, pine-covered banks, and which recalled to me the winding passage which the narrow Avon forces through the

crags of Clifton. We soon afterwards crossed it on a wooden bridge, and, entering the town of Braunau, found ourselves in the Empire of Austria.

The ceremony of the Custom-house was here gone through with great politeness. This was the first time my trunk had been inspected since I left Paris. Great merriment was excited amongst the custom-house officers by the carelessness and inattention with which it was packed. They knew not that, after ten or twelve years passed in travelling, a man becomes tired of the occupation, and altogether neglects the once-favourite amusement of skilfully stowing his goods. The entrance of books is a matter of interest to the government, and one on which its Arguses exercise all their vigilance. An English-German grammar which lay on the top, attracted, therefore, considerable notice, and occasioned some whispering amongst the chiefs: it was, however, at length replaced in its former situation, and the trunk was again closed. The inspectors had not observed fifteen or twenty volumes which, notwithstanding my

much-derided carelessness, I had had the foresight to place beneath the other things.

PREMATURE PLANS.

I had formerly intended to descend the Danube from Linz, or even from Ulm. Boats—of no very prepossessing appearance—go regularly from either of these places to Vienna. But as they always lie by during the night, as long a time is employed in this descent as would be required for a voyage across the Atlantic. Moreover, the sailors are said to be excessively timid, and the river being now swollen by the late rains, two monsters—which, from the description given of them, greatly resemble Scylla and Charybdis—are said to have been formed in the bed of the torrent, and might occasion considerable delay.

In chusing the land conveyance from Ulm, I had also been influenced by my intention of visiting Salzburg. I might, without lengthening my journey, have followed that road

from Munich; but eight days were to pass, before the regular coach would again start from the latter place, and I wished not to engage again with a voiturier's carriage. The difficulty attending my intercourse with the secluded natives of the mountains of Upper Austria would, also, have greatly diminished the pleasure I might have received from the excursion. In short, many more reasons than I can now recapitulate led me to abandon my design altogether, and to defer my visit to Salzburg until a "more favourable "opportunity."

But the circumstance of my not having visited the place need, in no way, prevent my describing it to the reader. Other tourists have been accused of practising this method; and wherefore should not I imitate their example? I must, however, assure the reader that this is the first time I have had recourse to such a deception, and that I will never again impose it upon him. With this solemn declaration, I shall now proceed to give him a systematic account of my tour to the great salt-works of Halleim and to the Austrian

lakes. The descriptions I shall give of them will be as well entitled to credit as are the relations of most tourists, who, for the greater part, seem to compose them on my present *alibi* system. The information I shall offer has, at least, been obtained at a faithful source: and I now, therefore, proceed to my task,—praying, with the author of the *Henriade*, that the Muse of Truth would guide my pen, and enable me to give a faithful account of my journey; for I confess that

Ad nos, vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

JOURNEY TO SALZBURG.

I left Linz in an open calash drawn by two horses and guided by a *voiturier*..... But I am already interrupted by that porter who is petitioning for "*trinkgeld;*" and as I can never forget the impression which the salt-mines and lakes produced upon me, I defer the description of them until I can bespeak a quiet and undisturbed hour.

CHAPTER V.

The very generations of the dead
  Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
  And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
  Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
And lose their own in universal death.

Don Juan. Canto IV.

The mail to Vienna was not to start until the following morning: but whenever four travellers meet together, a private carriage is furnished them, and they are entitled to proceed with post-horses for the same money as they would otherwise have paid for their places in the usual conveyance. When he avails himself of such a simple regulation as this, a traveller here feels as if he were receiving a sort of favour from the proprietors

of the coaches—the government: for so humble, so submissively-dutiful does he become after a short German training, that, to use a proverbial turn of phrase, he is inclined to forget that travellers were made before coaches. My three companions from Munich wished to continue their journey immediately; I therefore remained but four hours at Linz, which seems to be rather a fine city, and left it at three o'clock on a rainy evening.

As we rose on the neighbouring hills, the thunder resounded loud from the surrounding mountains, and, amidst the deluge of falling rain, the lightning vividly flashed. But soon we left the storm behind and below us. Passing along the narrow ridge of a chain of lofty hills, we enjoyed, on each side, an extensive view of a very fine country. On our right were the bold, rocky hills that shoot out from the distant line of the Styrian Alps: deeply imbedded on our left, the Danube rolled its heavy waters; and further on, the valley through which it flowed was bounded by the mountains that descend from the grand ridge of the Bohemian forest. The irregular

country immediately beneath us was richly cultivated; but all its ravines and lowly-retired spots were concealed by the dense fogs that lay heavily upon them, and which the more slender and less solid watery streaks joined to the steady clouds that, in a great measure, veiled the dark-blue expanse above.

Such was the scenery through which we rapidly travelled so long as day-light lasted: that which the following morning showed was far less interesting.

THE FÊTE-DIEU.

This day was the *Fête-Dieu*—the festival of *Corpus Christi*—which, as is well known, is celebrated in Catholic countries with grand, so-called, *religious* processions, in which the Sovereign and his Court join. The streets of the different villages through which we passed were lined with branches of elm trees, the whole population was dressed in its best clothes, the flowing hair of the children was adorned with garlands of flowers, every

one was hastening to the call of the church bells.

A religious procession, formed by the poor inhabitants of a humble village, is very different from one of the same nature which a sovereign and his court follow through the streets of a town. In the one case, it is, most probably, an act of real devotion; in the other, it is, almost of necessity, an act of worldly parade. Disguise it as you will, the Sovereign who walks on foot after the Host is, in the minds of most beholders, the principal object, and that one which attracts the most attention in the procession: while the noisy rabble, the rushing crowd, the threatening soldiery, and the whole city bustle, are but bad accompaniments to an act of devotion. But when a few peasants, headed by their priest, meekly walk through the lanes of their village; when there is no rush, no ostentation, no show—the impression produced is far different: and when they carry their God through the fields which his bounty fertilizes, and under the bright sun, and the pure air which breathes of his splendour and his holi-

ness—they worship him in a temple more worthy of his majesty, than the worldly, polluted streets of a capital.

In this district, and indeed in every Catholic district of Germany, we see a greater number of crosses and of statues of saints than are met with even in the States of papal Rome. Many of these are bedecked with flowers, which had been renewed for the present solemnity. To these images, Protestants affirm that the Catholics address their prayers: they will not believe our assertions to the contrary; they know our creed and our hearts more intimately than we ourselves. Will they believe me when I declare that one of these marble statues which I saw thus adorned, had, either from accident or intentionally, been deprived of its head; that that part of the stone from which the head had been struck was already moss-grown; but that, nevertheless, this statue was adorned with flowers, and continued to receive the same honours as were granted to its less-mutilated companions? The conclusion to be drawn from this fact is unanswerable: if it were true

that the ignorance of the people ever led them to believe that any supernatural virtue was contained in the statue, would not that same ignorance have taught them that the statue, that the *being*, when it had lost its head, could no longer understand their prayers? But if, on the contrary, they only beheld in the statue the image of an immortal protector, it little mattered to them whether that image had or had not a head;—a sufficient portion of it still remained to recal to their remembrance him whom it represented; and *him* they honoured when they adorned his broken statue.

"Make us a picture of the Crucifixion to "place in our church," said a deputation of poor labourers from a village in the south of France. "Do you choose for the figure of "Christ to be represented dead or still living?" demanded the artist. This was a question on which the projectors of the painting had never thought: but, after consulting together for some moments, they replied to my friend the painter, "You had better make it living, "because, if it does not please us *so*, it can

"be killed afterwards." Who does not see in this simple expression of their limited idea of the art of painting, that they intended to look upon their future picture as a mere memorial?—else would they have talked of putting to death their God?

VIENNA.

Another capital! Must I endeavour to describe it in detail, and, passing through each street, point out the several beauties of the buildings it contains? By adopting this, the usual plan, I might, indeed, convey a correct notion of a succession of detached edifices, but I should give only a very faint idea of the general features of the place. This general character which distinguishes each capital, might be better understood from one single epithet than from such partially-petty architectural descriptions. The distinguishing epithets which were formerly given to the several towns of Italy, conveyed very exact ideas of the general character of each;

and these epithets might, with equal advantage, be extended to all other cities. Thus after altering those titles, which were with propriety attached to the Italian capitals during the meridian of their glory, into others better suited to the present degraded state of that beautiful country—I would transfer the laconically-descriptive system beyond the Alps; and, passing from Venice, the deservedly-expiring aristocratic tyrant; from Naples, the beauteous region of fable; from Rome, the mighty sepulchre; from Florence, still "*la bella;*" from Genoa, the useless marble counter; from Milan, the fair writhing slave; and from Turin, the kingly gaoler,—I would cross over to Paris, the princely-voluptuous; to London, the haughty-commercial; to Vienna, the imperial residence of civilized feudal chieftains.

This is, in fact, the characteristic feature of Vienna. Within a small space—for in one hour a man may walk round the whole line of its now-demolished walls—within a small space is a conglobation of private palaces, the handsome architecture of which adorns each

side of narrow, irregular streets. Scarcely any thing like the house of a rich merchant appears within the walls, while the immense suburbs are swelled by those whom riches never fail to attract. Vienna, on a larger scale, is not unlike the capitals of some of the smaller Italian principalities; and many of the same features which run through Parma or Modena are to be found in this imperial capital of a petty State,—but of a petty State which claims the obedience of several other capitals, of several other equally large districts. As the capital of Bohemia, Hungary, Moravia, Gallicia, Transylvania, Lombardy, and Austria—Vienna is small and insignificant: but as the capital of only one of these districts, each of which has its own more immediate metropolis, Vienna is a fine city.

VIENNA POLICE.

"*M. le Chevalier,*" I said to a gentleman employed in the police-office, "*M. le Cheva-*
"*lier,* I request you to give me an *Aufenthalt-*

" *Carte*, a permission to live at Vienna during " two months." ' Pray, Sir, what is your ' object in travelling, and wishing to stop at ' Vienna?' " I have none whatever, Sir." ' It is always required by the police that, be- ' fore he can obtain an *Aufenthalt-Carte*, the ' stranger should bring us a certificate from ' some resident native of Vienna, who will ' undertake to answer for his conduct, et ' cætera: your banker will give you this.' " I have brought letters to no banker." ' Are ' you acquainted with no one in the town?' " I have letters to several of the first families, " but I find that, in this season, they are all " at their country seats. I have also a letter " of introduction from Mr. K—— to your- " self, *M. le Chevalier*, which I regret not " having yet been able to deliver." ' I shall ' be very happy to make your acquaintance, ' Sir, but the gentleman from whom you have ' received that letter is a foreigner, an Eng- ' lishman: the police requires that the certi- ' ficate should be delivered by a native.' " I " have, also, a letter to your friend M——, " who, I am informed, will return to Vienna

"in the course of a fortnight." 'In the 'course of a fortnight! All this is, Sir, ex- 'cessively embarrassing! I will, nevertheless, 'deliver to you a permission to reside at 'Vienna during fifteen days: but I must re- 'quest you to bring me a certificate from the 'gentleman you last mentioned so soon as he 'shall return from the country. You must 'now pay four shillings for this *Aufenthalt- 'Carte*, but when you bring me the certificate, 'I shall be able to prolong it for six weeks, 'without putting you to any additional 'expense."

THE PRATER.

I was told to visit the Prater, and admire the equipages that resort to this public walk. I crossed the neat stone bridge over the Danube, and followed the crowd through the suburb. What a motley collection of human beings do I now see around me! It is some public fête, and the numerous temporary booths, caffés, and shows, are thronged by idle

multitudes. Here, a crowd is collected before the universal, the cosmopolite, if I may so call it, theatre of Punch; there, four laughing figures are swung through the air in a suspended car: here, people placed in arm chairs, on fine war-horses, or on long-necked swans, are turned round a pivot to the sound of an unpretending band, of which the music would, any where but in Germany, be esteemed excellent; there, two country fellows are laying wagers which shall oftenest strike the mark with a pointed log slung to the end of a long cord: here, two rows of speculators are anxiously watching the course of every bowl that escapes from the equally-poised hand of the player, and rolls along the uneven grass; there, the town artisan sits at the table of a caffé, and, with his wife or sweetheart, drinks beer from out a large glass tankard, while the fumes from his tobacco-pipe hang, like a waving canopy, to the boughs of the overshadowing acacia trees; and, near him, the proprietor of waxen figures or wild beasts extols the wonderful formation and properties of the prisoners of his menagerie, and invites

the astonished listener to pass under his jealously-closed tent.

It is always interesting to find the same popular modes of amusement resorted to in the most distant European countries, though we may feel distressed on recognising the universality of our wants, and lowered in our own estimation, by observing how petty are the expedients which are sufficient to satisfy the restlessness of that race of beings which boast of the undivided possession of the proud gift of reason. But Vienna offers to the stranger an additional source of meditation in the variety of nations which assemble within it, and which is greater here than in any other capital. Amongst these gazing crowds of the Prater, there circulated numbers of Bohemians, Sicilians, Hungarians, Turks, and Greeks—what names to couple with the sons of Greece! —each of these differing from the other in his dress and entire appearance, and having only this one thing in common,—that each carried a tobacco-pipe, from which issued a never-failing current of smoke!

I passed through these crowds of holiday

idlers, through these *corda oblita laborum*, and advanced along a solitary, shaded, unfrequented path. The Prater is a low island, about fifteen miles in length, formed by the lesser branch of the Danube—that one which passes beside the town—and its other streams. It is an imperial chase, but ever open to the quiet incursions of the public, who seek fresh air amongst the old trees with which it is irregularly studded. As I now wound my way through them, the unmolested, unterrified deer tamely browsed the grass beside the path, and scarcely cast an inquiring glance as I passed along. I reached the main branch of the Danube. Opposite was the plain of Wagram—the now silent plain which, not many years ago, had heard the thunders of the overpowering cannon, and had seen the upstart hero gain the completest victory over the power of one of the most ancient sovereign houses of Europe. This was the plain from which his cannon returned to proclaim his friendly entrance into the families of ancient royalty, when, had he rightly understood his own interests, it would have caused the knell

of conquered aristocratic sovereignty to proclaim the supremacy of the republican general. This was the plain which enabled the ill-placed vanity of the popular leader to demand an alliance with the noble royal blood, which his republican pride ought to have spurned as unworthy of his own more lofty pretensions, as pregnant with the treachery which would ever aim to undermine his dreaded superiority.

I recrossed the island and walked towards the town—following the involutions of the river. The Danube! I thought within me; what grand ideas do we attach to this stream! What important actions have taken place on its banks! How many barbarous nations has it formerly beheld in turns conquered and in turns victorious! How many barbarous swarms have passed over its waters to ravage the despotic mistress of the subject world! Where are now the conquerors and the conquered, who have bled on these banks? Where are now the barbarous leaders, who bravely defended the pusillanimous nations they themselves overawed and governed? Where are

those so-called civilised nations, which, grossly wallowing in the enjoyments of sensual luxury, basely secured their momentary and uncertain safety by the payment of disgraceful tributes to the wild forest-savages who have brought honour, and morality, and free institutions, to a sunken and polluted world? All, all is changed, while these waters still continue their restless, but unaltered, course! These waters are still the same, though they now see proud cities towering, where formerly stood the dark forest-retreats of untameable barbarians; and though they now behold other nations, with minds still more savage and barbarous, usurping the place of those who were the most polished of the ancient world. Thus do these waters still flow towards the most delightful portion of the earth; these very waves on which I now look will, perhaps, oh bleeding Greece!* dance in the reflection of the sun

* By exact geographers, this reverie may, I am aware, be objected to: but let them wander, as I have done, on the banks of the Danube, and then say if they would wish to restrain those flights of the imagination which would connect the Euxine to the Egean sea.

which still shines bright on thy polluted shores! Take, then, oh rapid river! this light straw, which I pick from this not less triumphantly-despotic soil; let it follow the proud current of thy waters, and let me think that something from *my* hand has been carried to those seas that lave the ever-consecrated lands of liberty, of heroism, of poetry:—those lands which have beheld the victories of a Miltiades and those of a Mahomet, the genius of a Homer and of a Byron!

In this manner I fondly gave way to the train of my desultory musings, until the straw, which I had, with childish pleasure, committed to the stream, became entangled in a quantity of floating soap-bubbles. Thus, I impatiently exclaimed, does hum-drum reality ever intercept the flights of imagination! I have seen the huts of washerwomen disfigure the banks of the Po; I have seen dirty linen cleansed in the historic waters of the imperial Tiber; and now the straw which I had sent as an offering to the shores of Athens, and had pictured to myself already moored amongst

the rocks of Cape Sunium,—is arrested by the soap-suds which have mingled with the waters of the Danube, after having purified the unheroic clothing of an Austrian serf!

CHAPTER VI.

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch
Which nodded to the nation's spoils below?
Where the triumphant chariot's haughty march?
Gone to where victories must line dinners go.
Further I shall not follow the research:
But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
When will your names lend lustre even to partridges.

Don Juan. Canto XV.

If the present peace continues, all the different States of Europe will soon form but one grand united republic of intellect and fashion.

I paid a visit to a lady of Vienna. The conversation between her, a German, and me, an Englishman, was carried on in French. She led me into her daughter's bedroom—for the custom of receiving visiters in bedrooms exists here as in most continental countries.

On one table in Luise's room, I saw a prayer-book in German lying beside another in French: on a second table, were the Italian works of Metastatio placed beside a French novel: on her toilet were a number of French perfumes: on a pedestal stood a small bust of the Archduke Charles; and against the wall hung an English engraving of the battle of Waterloo. Seating herself at her piano, she sang French and Italian songs; a German romance about the English Rosamund Clifford, and a German translation of "Rule, Britan-"nia;" then followed Byron's "Maid of "Athens" translated into French, and one of Moore's "Irish Melodies" in English: she had a brother who had been named after an English friend, and, on taking leave, she shook hands with me with English frankness.

AUSTRIAN FREEDOM.

"True;" said Baron —— to me: "but "when I wish to travel beyond the Austrian "dominions, it is not the police that can give

"me a passport: no; I must frame a sort of "petition, declaratory of the object of my "journey, and of the time which I intend to "pass on it; and this petition must pass "through the ministry for foreign affairs to "the Emperor himself. And after all these "forms shall have been duly gone through, "it is by no means certain that the passport, "or, in other words, the leave of absence, "will be granted me. If it is not thought "proper to grant it to me, my request is "merely noticed by the laconic reply, 'the "'demand is not complied with,'—and no "more can be said about the matter.

"If, after a passport has been delivered to "him, the Austrian subject is not returned "to the imperial dominions at the expiration "of the allotted term, the government reclaims "him through its embassy to the country in "which he happens to be residing. If he "wishes to exceed the term first mentioned "in the passport, the leave of absence cannot "be prolonged without a second application "to the Court at Vienna. Within the Aus-"trian dominions, he is allowed to travel as

"much as he pleases, and nothing is required "but a simple, ordinary passport from the "police; but he can never cross the frontier "without submitting to the forms I have just "mentioned."

'It seems, then,' I said, 'that you are 'neither more nor less than the serfs of the 'Emperor—attached to his soil?'

"Exactly so," was the reply he indignantly made.

A HANDBILL.

I went into a perfumer's shop, and asked for a small phial of oil for the hair:—so polished are we grown that I shall, I know, lose nothing in the estimation of the modern reader by telling him that I wear my hair thus *myrrâ madentes*. The phial was given me wrapped up in a German handbill, on which are the following words in French:—they also would, were the fact doubted, bear witness to the great extent of modern civilization and commerce. After announcing that

the shopman has on sale "*Cumin d'Alicante,* "*Citron de Medie, Rose de Damas, Anisette* "*de Bordeaux, Marasquin de Zara, Jas-* "*min des Azores, Orange de Portugal, Fleur* "*d'Orange de Malte,*"—how extensive are the operations of modern industry, and how small is the boasted skill of discovering, by the palate, on what coast of the Mediterranean oysters had been found, compared to that of ascertaining that oranges flourish best in Portugal, but that the blossom of the orange sends forth the sweetest smell in Malta!—the handbill proceeds also to offer "*Parfum* "*Imperial; Extrait de pois de Senteur;* "*Eau de Reine des Fleurs, Eau Athenienne,* "*de Beauté, d'Aspasie, de Ninon, de Guer-* "*rières Françaises,*"—would Turnas, whose words I quoted just above, have objected to *their* making use of it?—"*Sans pareille, de* "*Toilette, de Corisandre, de la belle Geor-* "*gienne, de Ste. Marie Majeur,*"—it is the building that is here alluded to, though I should not have been surprised had they made the blessed Virgin herself the patroness of a fashionable perfume, as St. Charles is the

patron of the theatre of Naples,—" *des Trois*
" *Graces, de Venus, de Cœur, de Troubadour,*
" *Parfum en Carquois, Royal, d'Amour,*
" *Cupidon, Zodiaque, d'Apollon, Persan,*
" *Ambroisie parfum des Dieux, Solitaire,*"—
surely none are anxious to smell sweet in solitude, to sprinkle themselves with *parfum solitaire*, and,

—— " as a flower, deep hid in rocky cleft,
" Smile though they 're looking only at the sky?"—

" *Famille Royale, Liliputienne, Eau Carica-*
" *ture, Eau de Soleil, Eau d'Ispahan, Eau*
" *des Alpes, Eau Régéneratrice, Crème de*
" *Sultanne;* Αρωμα των Ελληνων"—for the *blues*, I suppose; " *Lait Virginal, Savon*
" *d'Apollon, Egyptien, de Venus, Mars,*
" *Cobourg, Alexandre, Berry, Oriental,*
" *Palmyreine, de Serail, Rose d'Amour, de*
" *Flore, de Peru, &c. &c. &c.*"

Oh, how great is our superiority over the ancients! When for our toilet only we can ransack every part of the world of whose existence antiquity ever heard, and that hemisphere that was unknown to it, when we appropriate to ourselves the heavenly perfumes

used by its greatest gods and goddesses—have we not reason to bless that fate which has placed us in a later, in a more refined age? Who will not believe in the doctrine of the perfectibility of the human race, when he sees that we moderns are able to make, for our own use, those heavenly drugs of which not even the most aspiring ancient poets ever dared to teach the mysterious composition? When the writer of the Georgics lamented that "every thing was already known," and exclaimed,

> —— *Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim*
> *Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora,*

pity that no Parisian perfumer was present to encourage him to sing the recondite furniture of the *cabinets de toilette* of Mars, of Apollo, and of Venus! Such a subject would have secured the more universal attention of posterity:—for who can feel as much interest in the beauty of a sheep, an ox, or a horse, as in that of his own person?

We are, indeed, grown more refined than our ancestors! And it is by this reasoning only that the author of the *Esprit des Lois*

can account for all the strange ordeals to which accused persons were exposed during the dark ages. "For," says he, "that tribunal "which condemned a warrior to hold, for "some moments, a hot iron in his hand, which "was then enclosed in a bag to be opened "after three days, when he was acquitted if "no mark remained on the skin—that tribunal "was more rational than, at first thought, "appears to us. Consider the habits of life "which men then followed: what impression "could the momentary touch of a hot iron "produce on the hand of one who passed his "life in arms and violent exercises, of one "who prided himself only on the strength and "*manliness* of his limbs? What impression "would it produce on the skin of our common "labourers? But if, after three days, any "marks of the burn appeared, they naturally "argued the softness of the skin, and, conse-"quently, the effeminacy of the character of "the accused person:—and, to such dis-"honourable effeminacy, what crime might "not then be justly attributed?"

Alas! in those days of darkness and igno-

rance, there was no "*savon d'Apollon;*" and warriors made no use of the "*crême de Sul-*"*tanne,*" of the "*parfum des trois Graces,*" nor even of the "*eau caricature!*"

THEATRES.

Amongst the "rules and regulations" which are posted up at the entrance of the Vienna theatres, I observe the following: "triple applause—or three distinct rounds of "clapping—being due to the Emperor and "imperial family, it is not proper that it "should be bestowed on any* actor or actress "whatever."

Does not this breathe the true spirit of despotism?—"triple applause *being due* to "the Emperor?" To put forth "rules" of conduct and politeness, seems, also, an avowal that they are not generally known to the audience.

The theatres of Vienna are small and shabby; but the company which performs at

* Query "other?"—*Printer's Devil.*

the Italian Opera is generally composed of the best singers of the day.

In their public speaking the Germans use less action than the Italians; but though I do not yet understand their language, the strong cadences of their voices seem calculated to persuade. In one of the churches I lately heard a German sermon: if Christianity were dependent on the language in which it should be taught, that of the preacher before me would have appeared too harsh for its mild doctrine. It is, more than any other, a fierce, a powerful, a spirit-stirring language. Fancy the heroic Arminius addressing his wild countrymen in this their fine, overpowering dialect, and you will conceive the facility with which he wielded their warlike natures. How much more imposing and influential must not his discourses have been when delivered in this their natural, energetic harshness, than when smoothed down by the beautiful Italian eloquence of Tacitus! The German language was, indeed, alone suited to the untamed children of the forests of the north, battling for that first of political bless-

ings which the south could never retain,—bleeding to preserve their national independence and that constitutional freedom—the indigenous plant which, first known in their dark and despised morasses, has stretched far from its natal precincts, and whose precious seeds, ripened by the light of reason, will soon be widely wafted by the rising gale, and carried to the strongest fastnesses of long-triumphant despotism.

EX-PARTE REASONING.

The English proverb says that "necessity "is the mother of invention." Walking this morning on the ramparts, I passed the open gate of a garden, but hesitated to enter that which I supposed to be private property. A notice was painted on a board beside me; but, being in German, it could give me little information. I, nevertheless, began to read it in hopes of gaining the intelligence I wanted, and, at length, came to two words

which I understood—"*Hunde nicht.*" This, thought I, is sufficient; if "dogs not," every thing else, of course, *may*: an exception implies a general rule.

I entered the place: it was the *Folksgarten* —a small public walk, lately planted amidst the once-formidable bulwarks destroyed by the French. In the center, surrounded by some meagre poplar trees, stands a small temple, imitative of the imposing monuments of Pæstum: in this is placed Canova's statue of Theseus destroying the Centaur. I like it not: others may hold a different opinion, and I own that no local fault is to be found in the composition: every muscle is properly and correctly represented; but where is the *divinæ particula auræ* that ought to animate them? The man is well made, but Canova did not kindle in him those sparks of living fire which so often followed the blows of his chisel!

This statue was undertaken by the order of Napoleon: at his fall it was unfinished, and Francis is reported to have refused to pay the price which the other had undertaken to give.

In consequence of this diminution, Canova is said to have equipped his hero with a dangerously-economical helmet. The patron had been bereaved of his power, and the artist could no longer provide the "*arme incantate.*" Thus does Theseus suffer from the fall of Napoleon! But in no way can we here apply the two verses which Ariosto addresses to Rinaldo's horse—

> "*Il misero non avea l'arme d'Ettore*
> "*Come il padron, onde convien che muore;*"

for Napoleon has long since sunk under the fate from which not even the "arms of "Hector" could have rescued him; and the present quiescent state of the Grecian demi-god requires not the protection of mortal armour.

DIVORCE.

"My peasants," said a Hungarian Countess to me, "judge of the riches of a neigh-"bour by enquiring how often he has been "married: for each wife brings an increase

"of fortune and soon sinks under the ill-
"treatment of the husband. Moreover,
"divorce is common amongst them. The
"greater part of the population is Catholic;
"but often does a married man or woman
"come to me, saying, 'Madame, I wish to
"'change my religion, and become a Protes-
"'tant.' "Why so?" 'I think I shall be
"'happier in that creed.' Of course I cannot
"refuse consent. He has his conversion re-
"gistered; divorces his wife; marries another;
"and, six weeks afterwards, returns to his
"first faith. Divorce, you are aware, is for-
"bidden by the Catholic Church, though the
"Protestant allows it to its followers. Thus
"a Protestant man is able to divorce his
"Catholic wife; but *her* religion does not
"permit her to marry again during the life
"of her first husband. And in my country
"of religious toleration, a change of belief is
"almost always the prelude to a change of
"partner;—the which end being accomplished,
"the party immediately abandons the creed
"he had hypocritically and momentarily
"adopted. It even often happens that, after

" this lawful inconstancy, a man divorces his " second, and is again married to his first, " wife."

' And do your laws present no obstacles to ' these frequent divorces?' " None; the " illimited religious toleration established by " the Emperor Joseph still subsists." ' Re- ' ligious toleration,' I replied, ' has no warmer ' partisan than myself. I believe that in ' that State, the legislature of which should ' not inquire what religious creed its subjects ' professed, or whether they professed any ' whatever,—both the temporal and spiritual ' authority would be more loved and respected. ' But marriage is a civil, as well as a religious, ' engagement; and the frequency of divorce ' which you describe, is evidently opposed to ' the civil well-being of any society, and ought, ' therefore, to be opposed by the civil autho- ' rity—even though permitted by the spiritual ' courts.'

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

This Museum—brought, I believe, from Milan—is opened every Monday, during two hours, to those who have previously obtained tickets of admission. So much for Austrian protection of general science and knowledge!

From the crowds of people who visit it when open, it is evident that the time allowed is by no means sufficient for the residents of Vienna: but not even to strangers are any additional facilities presented. The public collections of Paris and of Italy are more generously exhibited.

CHAPTER VII.

They were alone once more; for them to be
  Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary unless when separate: the tree
  Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
  And breast maternal, wean'd at once for ever,
Would wither less than those two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart.

Don Juan. Canto IV.

NAPOLEON II!—It is provoking to have passed six weeks at Vienna without having seen him whom so many would wish, and so many would fear, to hail by this title. I consoled myself, however, by the thought that, if this youth ever attains to the inheritance of fame bequeathed him by his father, opportunities of beholding him will not be wanting; and if he is destined to live and die an Archduke of the House of Austria,—the

not having seen him need cause me no regret.

I have met with extracts from a work in which the character of this young man is depicted in those strong colours which universal continental report ascribes to him. That character does, in fact, already excite the hopes of his well-wishers—but these are few—and the fears of his enemies—who are many. "*Il n'a que trop d'esprit*—he is but "too clever," is an opinion which I have heard announced by French royalists: while others profess to anticipate as certain his future exaltation to the throne of France. But though Napoleon, "*le grand*," be admired by the greater part of continental Europe, yet the French would never wish to restore his government. The more numerous party in France is sincerely attached to the Constitutional Charter; and the bright glory of the conqueror's sword would be unable to efface, amidst the nation's enthusiastic pride, the remembrance and the fear of the chains of the despot. It is only through the discontent which may be excited by the misgovern-

ment of the Bourbons, and their violations of the Constitution, that the son of Napoleon can hope to enforce his pretensions, and claim that title which, at his abdication of the throne, was made over to him by his father: and, dating his reign from that epoch, annul the existence of the intervening governments, as Louis XVIII. annulled that of the "Usurper."

At the time of the ex-emperor's death, I repeated to a Frenchman, one of his most violent partisans, that the English papers had told that the last words, uttered in a disconnected manner, by the expiring hero were—"*mon fils....tête d'armée....France....*" 'I 'cannot understand them,' exclaimed the Napoleonist; 'what do they mean? *il n'y* '*point de liaison.*'

In hopes of meeting young Napoleon at Baden, where he was staying, I left Vienna in one of the many carriages which run in every direction round the capital, and carry its population to the many pleasuring spots to which it loves to resort on holidays. The persons in the carriage were, like all Germans,

conversible people and anxious to please as much as lay in their power. Tobacco-pipes, beer, and anecdotes of the young prince, beguiled the road until we approached the pretty hills amongst which rise the mineral springs of Baden. The Duke of Reichstadt is said to have formed a strong friendship with Don Miguel of Portugal—now studying constitutional principles under the tutelage of Prince Metternich. This communion of feeling between Miguel and young Napoleon becomes interesting, when the probable future conduct of the one is compared to the late internal government of the father of the other.

"*Le jeune Napoleon*"—as he is generally called on the Continent—was absent from Baden; and I was compelled to rest contented with seeing the ladies and gentlemen swim about together in the great wells of hot mineral water—as they formerly did, or still do, at Bath in England. A walk through the beautiful valley of St. Helena—where, by a strange coincidence of name, the Archduke Charles, the early adversary of Napoleon, has lately erected a handsome palace—occupied

the early part of the ensuing Sunday morning :—excepting that portion of it which was spent in attending the summons of a bell suspended above the roof of a small chapel, built of mud and rough stones, within which had crowded a numerous and devout congregation of peasantry.

The crowds which, on every holiday, the walls of Vienna pour forth into the surrounding country, are indeed astonishing. Having dined with some hundreds of these lovers of rural scenes, I walked, for several miles, through the neat vineyards which cover the line of hills, and visited the bubbling torrent, the narrow ravine, the modern ruins, and the miniature rocks of Brühl. This valley, also, was crowded with visiters and carriages. After winding for some time amongst them, I leapt into a returning light Austrian waggon, and, in less than two hours, again found myself in the quiet street of Vienna.

SMOKING.

This morning I passed through a street in which twelve or fifteen workmen were employed in mending the pavement. Some were busied in sorting the stones, others in laying them down, others in carrying loose earth—all were employed in hard and fatiguing labour. But of all these fifteen workmen, there was not one from whose mouth was not suspended a long, heavy, wooden or earthenware tobacco-pipe from which issued columns of smoke that mingled with the flying clouds of dust which arose from beneath their feet! The tobacco-pipe is truly an utensil which a German can never lay aside :

> —— *immortale manet, multosque per annos*
> *Stat fortuna domus.*

Each one feeds this portable fire with as much attention and assiduity, as was formerly given to that sacred flame, the conservation of which required the undiverted attention of the Vestal Virgins.

The Germans are much admired for that

forbearance, and love of knowledge, which, it is said, often make them pass fourteen hours of the day in study; and it is asserted that no one but a German could possibly keep his mind to a task for so long a time. But our wonder diminishes, when we learn that the tobacco-pipe is the inseparable companion of his studies; and that from it he inhales a constant supply of strength and courage. We are told that a horse is able to undergo an incredible degree of fatigue, when a piece of raw meat is fastened round the bit of his bridle.

I hear of one of the most esteemed *avocats* in Vienna, who daily smokes thirty pipes. This person, that he may not be compelled to relinquish his enjoyment or his labour for even the few minutes that would be necessary to replenish his cup, is said to have thirty *individual* tobacco-pipes, which are, every morning, prepared by his servants, and for each of which he calls in turn by its respective name—for he has christened them all. Thus when some continental sovereigns take the pleasures of the chase, they receive each gun ready

loaded from the hands of their attendants, and give themselves no further trouble than is necessary to discharge its contents. Smoke, at least, follows in both cases.

BEDS.

"The Germans sleep between two beds: "and it is related that an Irish traveller, upon "finding a feather-bed thus laid over him, "took it into his head that the people slept in "*strata*, one upon the other, and said to the "attendant, 'Will you be good enough to tell "'the gentleman or lady that is to lie on "'me, to make haste, as I want to go to "'sleep!'"

So says the Editor of "Tom Crib's Memo-"rial to Congress:" a work, of which all must admire the wit and ability, though many may censure it as too disrespectful to "the powers "that be." But this feather-bed under which the Germans sleep, is not entirely peculiar to themselves: it is only a colossal imitation of

those large cushions which are often found on Italian beds.

I must not, however, dismiss the question thus briefly: it is a homely subject, and I trust I shall find many to sympathise with me. Reader! excuse the familiarity of my address, in favour of the good intentions which prompt it: Have you ever known the inconveniences of having bed-clothing too narrow to be *tucked under*, or, at least, to fall down and cover the edges of the mattrasses? Unless you can resign yourselves to such beds, beware of visiting Germany. Oh, ye good housewives of England! what would ye say, were ye to behold these bedsteads, three feet and a half broad, on the mattrasses of which lies one sheet of the usual breadth, while the only *covering* prepared for the astonished traveller consists in what the French call a *piqué*,—a quilt lined with wool, enclosed in a moveable bag, like a pillow-case, and which, being scarcely ever as long as the bed, leaves an opening at the bottom for the feet to protrude beyond,—this the Germans think conducive

to health: moreover, its breadth being exactly the same as that of the upper mattrass, it is unavoidably shaken off by him who has not practised in his bed the stillness that awaits him in the grave! Such is the covering used in Germany during summer. In winter it is exchanged for a sheet and the "feather-bed," which, from the smallness of its dimensions, is equally ill calculated to afford warmth to him who tosses himself beneath it—wishing that he had the same power with which Italian polichinels are endowed—that of drawing in his legs, and, in some measure, jumping down his own throat.

In contradiction to the statement of a late tourist, I must say that, excepting these peculiarities, the bedding and general furniture of the best German inns is as good as that met with in the hotels of France or England. Even in the smaller villages there are as neat bedrooms, and as good beds, as are met with in the more humble inns of France and Italy; nor are they, as is often the case in the latter countries, placed in recesses of dining-rooms,

or in any other part of the inhabited house which can be most easily spared. A friend of mine, travelling through France during summer, ordered his servant to wake him at six o'clock in the morning. When at that hour the man entered the bedroom, his master enquired "What sort of weather is it?" The sleepy servant drew open what, in the dark, appeared to him a window-shutter, and replied '*Monsieur, il ne fait point de tems; et il* '*sent le fromage*—Sir, there is no weather at 'all; and it smells of cheese.' He had opened a waiter's store cupboard.

I am aware that all the preceding discussion on beds is neither sentimental nor heroic; but, as I before said, I trust in the sympathy of the reader. It was impossible that I could pass over in silence one of the most curious lines in the descriptive view of Germany, one which has so often been looked upon by me with desponding, shivering, sleepy anxiety.

EVENING.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu;
Aut gelidas hibernus aquas quum fuderit Auster,
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!

Who has not enjoyed the feeling which Tibullus so elegantly expresses in the two last lines? Who has not acknowledged a delightful sentiment of grateful security, when quietly sleeping *imbre juvante?* But, after having long suffered from the heat of the weather, how pleasant is it to be awakened during the night by the unexpected noise of a thunder-storm! And while sitting at home all the following morning, how thankfully do we inhale the cool breezes that ruffle the leaves of the books which lie open before us! Towards evening, however, I went out, and, crossing the stone bridge, turned to the left and advanced along the bank of the Danube.

There is little commerce on this river. In Austria almost all importation is forbidden, and the country has few manufactures of

goods for other markets. Did it run in the contrary direction, a great exportation of poultry and live stock might be carried on by means of the Danube: for the current is too rapid for boats to ascend it towards the north; and in the more southern countries to which it flows, provisions are cheaper than even in the districts of Austria and Hungary.

What is this charm that attaches us to the side of running waters? what is this charm, inherent to streams and rivers, which ever awakens such trains of reflection? what is this charm that imperceptibly leads us on beside their rippling waves, and lulls us into a soothing and peaceful state of mind? The dead waters of a canal arouse not the same sentiments: even the curling waves of the ocean do not give to our thoughts the same quieting impulse. The waves of the sea excite more general, more extensive, perhaps more lofty reflections; but they do not awaken those quiet, happy, homely associations which press the one upon the other as we observe a river's placid current glide gently past us and advance towards its remote destination.

With these reflections, I gave way to a desultory train of half-formed wishes and ideas which pressed upon me while sitting on an elevated bank which overhung the Danube's rapid stream. There was nothing striking or beautiful in the country around, and all the attributes inseparable from the "sweet hour of twilight" were necessary to give it any interest; but at that peaceful time, what scenery is not lovely! The place had no local beauties, had no prominent features, but yet every thing appeared so calm and pleasing! Close beside me, the silent stream, turning in gentle eddies, was gliding beneath the purple clouds of sun-set which still glittered bright upon its silvery surface, scarcely ruffled by the soft evening air that sighed across it. The deep-mouthed barking of the household dog, as he joyfully saluted the parting day, occasionally rose in the distance, and blended with the unceasing hoarse and mournful croaking of the frogs that tenant the low marshy banks of the Danube. A herdsman, amidst his droves of grazing cattle, was winding his romantic horn, and thus

soothing the idleness of his occupation, and the lot to which he was condemned; for he still knows joy who loves music. A distant convent bell suddenly pealed out its mellow notes from amidst a shaded and now scarce seen wood, calming the feelings of the willing listener, and winging his thoughts to that heaven to which the inmates of the monastery aspired.

Meanwhile, darkness was gradually overshadowing the scenery; the moon detached itself from the transparent pearl-coloured sky in which it hung; the stars timidly peeped forth from the deepening blue, and seemed afraid of showing their twinkling modest light; while the mimic waves of the river fluttered brightly towards the bank, and sank as soon as they had kissed the white pebbles which strewed it.

My musings were interrupted by the soft melody of an approaching harp. Never did I hear music which pleased me more, so beautifully did it fall in with the sweet hour and scenery around. I arose from my grassy seat, and, through the fading twilight, distinguished two men who seemed to be heedlessly

strolling along the bank of the river, like myself, wrapped in the feelings to which the evening hour gave rise; while the taller and elder of the two threw his fingers with apparent carelessness over the sweetly-sounding instrument that he carried suspended around his neck. The shorter and younger-looking held a guitar in the attitude of one who had lately been playing on its chords, though his eyes and whole attention were now riveted upon the countenance of his companion.

Without observing me, they seated themselves upon the opposite side of the bank on which I was standing, and after remaining a few moments in silence, I was surprised to hear the sweet boyish voice of the younger address his comrade in the well-known language of Italy. I instantly drew near, and spoke to them; nor was it without a feeling of regret, that I checked the joy with which they hailed me as a countryman, by saying that almost affectionate admiration of their native land was the only link that bound me to Italy. They, however, freely entered into conversation: the pleasure of speaking of their

country to one who well knew and admired it, appeared to carry them on and banish all restraint. Never had I seen two more interesting countenances than were now shown to me by the bright reflection of the moon upon the dark, manly features of the elder man, and on the more delicate outlines of his younger companion; who, though he took little part in the conversation, could not but excite interest by something peculiar in the manner in which he softly addressed "Giulio," while his fine black eyes darted calmly around, and seemed to drink in the soothing stillness of the lovely hour.

"Is that your brother?" I at length enquired of Giulio. "Yes,"...he replied with something of a hesitating manner, which he suddenly changed into a lively frankness as he added, "No, pardon me; she is my wife." His young companion started, and cast upon him a supplicating bashful look, "I under-"stand you, my Francesca;" he mildly replied: "but after the kind manner in which "this gentleman has spoken, any unworthy "doubt on our part would be misplaced and

" ungenerous. Our history, sir," he continued, " is not long, and after the interest " which you have shown in our fate, and that " of our country, I do not doubt but that you " would hear it with pleasure."

The gentle figure at his side silently pressed the hand which hung over the frame of his harp, while he began his relation in the following terms.

HISTORY OF GIULIO AND FRANCESCA.

" After the late King of Naples had been " obliged to fly from his kingdom before the " troops of France, my father was sent as a " *sous-officier* to the victorious army. He " was quartered at Naples; married a Neapo- " litan young lady; and when I was ten years " old, was killed in an engagement with the " returning partisans of Ferdinand. My " mother did not long survive him, and I was " left destitute and friendless in the world. I " was entered at the great charitable establish-

" ment called the *Albergo de' Poveri.** From
" my mother I had imbibed a taste for music,
" which, according to the system of the in-
" stitution, was cultivated; and in a few years
" I became proficient in my art. Nor did I
" neglect the literary acquirements which the
" taste of some of my companions in the
" *Albergo* had chosen. The revolution of
" 1821 broke out. I hailed it with joy.
" Quitting my charitable retreat, I spoke and
" wrote vehemently in favour of its principles:
" a small place was given me under the con-
" stitutional government.

" At this period I became acquainted with
" Francesca. I loved her; she received my
" attentions and returned my love. Her
" family consented to our union. The day to
" which we both looked forward so anxiously
" was fixed, when the counter-revolution was
" effected by the intervention of Austria.

" So much had I distinguished myself as
" an advocate of liberal principles, that I was
" no longer in safety at Naples, and was com-
" pelled to flee my country. For my main-

* See " Transalpine Memoirs," vol. i. page 211.

" tenance during the former part of my life,
" I had been indebted to the charitable insti-
" tution in which I had been brought up, and
" which I had only left to occupy the preca-
" rious, but more honourable and lucrative
" post which the constitutional government
" had assigned me. I now, therefore, found
" myself perfectly destitute, with no other
" means of procuring a livelihood during the
" long exile to which I was about to be con-
" demned, than my harp might afford. How
" warmly, then, did I congratulate myself on
" having cultivated the musical talent which
" nature had bestowed upon me !

" No time was to be lost : the bloodhounds
" were already tracking my steps. I will not
" endeavour to describe the anguish with
" which I prepared to take a last farewell of
" my beloved Francesca : nor will I attempt
" to paint the mingled sentiments with which
" I listened to her heroic determination. In
" vain did I oppose it : in vain did I number
" up the horrors that probably awaited my
" exiled, wandering existence : every argument
" but confirmed her in her daring resolution.

"She fled secretly from her parent's house: "those parents—nor could my *reason* have "blamed them—would never have consented "to her becoming the wife of one who was "then but a persecuted, exiled beggar. We "were privately united, and succeeded in "escaping from the kingdom.

"My harp, and the guitar of my self-"sacrificed partner, were now our only "resource: and with them we were enabled "to gain a humble and, I may so call it, a "certain existence. To myself, who had "been long used to the *Albergo de' Poveri*, "the change was not so great; but my "Francesca.....how tenderly did I fear lest "she should repent her of her romantic "courage!

"Obliged to mingle occasionally with other "wandering musicians, and expose ourselves "to the rude gaze of the world, her beauty "attracted general observation. I could not "bare it: I was miserable. My dear Fran-"cesca read my feelings: she formed her "plans; and privately selling her scanty "wardrobe, she purchased a suit of male

"attire, and then showing herself to me, "declared her intention of thenceforward "passing herself upon the world as my "brother. Judge if I withheld my consent!

"Since then we have continued to wander "from province to province: our musical "talents procure us a scanty maintenance. "We are independent. We are certain of "each other's unaltered affection.....we are "happy."—'Oh yes, we are happy,' exclaimed the disguised female: 'Oh yes, we are happy,' she earnestly repeated as a tear stole from her large black eye. She hid her face upon the bosom of her husband, and wept a few tears of heartfelt affection, which I envied. Yes: never have I looked upon smiling, successful happiness with those sentiments of envy with which I beheld this unartful demonstration of the pure, affectionate contentment of Giulio and Francesca.

With these feelings I reluctantly took my leave of them, and slowly returned to the *Hôtel de Londres*.

CHAPTER VIII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
Now pondering:—it is time we should narrate;
I left Don Juan with his horses baiting—
Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great rate.
I shall not be particular in stating
His journey, we've so many tours of late;
Suppose him then at Petersburgh; suppose
That pleasant capital of painted snows.

Don Juan. Canto IX.

On showing the printed permission to leave Vienna, which I had received from the police together with my passport, I was allowed to engage a place in the mail to Prague!

It was ten o'clock at night when I got into it. The rain was falling fast, but it was not until the coach had left the town that I perceived how stormy and threatening was the aspect of the heavens. A huge dark cloud hung directly over us, and its shaggy sides,

descending almost to the horizon, left only a small opening through which appeared the wide expanse of pale, gray, sad sky,—as the wretch who, overwhelmed by an immediate pressing misfortune, should only be able to escape from it into a dreary futurity of unvaried misery. The wooden planks which formed the bridges across the Danube, resounded beneath the dull tramp of our horses' feet. The lantern suspended in front of the carriage, cast a pale indistinct hue on the surface of the stream, while the nearer objects received more varied and stronger tints from its bright light. I here again noticed what I have often elsewhere remarked—how beautifully bland are the tints which, on a dark night, the light of a torch throws over the thick foliage of a tree! The wind was now very high; and the slim branches of the willows that cover the flat banks of the islands in the Danube, waved to and fro in the blast; —now glittering in the light of the lamp, and now suddenly disappearing in the darkness from which their pale leaves had momentarily sprung out; now soaring high in the

air, and now bent into the stream which flowed beneath, until, rising again with a sudden bound, they cast upon the wind the glittering drop that had adhered to the loose leaves of their slender twigs. The immense bridge across the various branches and islands of the river was, at length, crossed; and looking a last farewell to the mighty Danube, I entered upon the plain of Bohemia.

Who were my travelling companions? I had immediately found out from one of them that he was a Saxon Baron, now returning to his country after a long residence in Italy. My two other fellow-travellers—a man and a woman—preserved an unbroken silence, and it was some time before I discovered that I was in company with two compatriots. What I was able to learn and guess of their condition and their motives for travelling is too curious to be passed over in silence. It was amusing to see the surprise of the Saxon when—after much probing and a strict cross-examination, which English taciturnity or rather non-communicativeness rendered necessary—he learned that they had left London

only six weeks before; had landed at Arnheim; had travelled through Francfort to Darmstadt, Stuttgard, Ulm, Munich, Passau; had then descended the Danube to Vienna; and were now on their way to Dresden and Berlin, with the intention of hastening from thence, through Leipzig and Cassel, to embark at Ostend and return to England! Six weeks only had passed since they had left London, and in six weeks more they intended to have performed the whole of their immense journey!

"Can you deny," said the Baron to me, "that the English are mad? Here are two "people, a brother and sister, to whom every "*florin* they spend is evidently an object of "calculation, but who have left their country "to traverse, as fast as the coaches can carry "them, foreign nations of which they scarcely "understand the language! Are not the "English incontestibly mad?"

What could I answer to an appeal backed by such argument? I desired him, nevertheless, to defer his judgment, as, perhaps, we might hereafter and by dint of *probing*,

find out that these, my two country-people, had some rational motive for their apparently irrational journey. And so it was: for, from his passport, it was discovered that the gentleman was an "*étudient en musique;*" while a few half-spoken words, and the general turn of her conversation, led us to conclude that his sister was travelling in search of information in the same harmonious line. But so it ever is,—from one motive or another, there is

"no earthly place
"Where we can rest in dreams elysian,
"Without some cursed, round, English face
"Popping up near us to break the vision."

Though I had not anticipated many "dreams elysian" amongst the corn-covered hills of Bohemia, yet I had certainly expected to find them "free from London kind."

PRAG.

To describe Prague, I need only mention its characteristic feature, and may leave the details to be supplied by the imagination of

the historical reader: Prague is an old town. He who knows that it has once been the capital of an independent German kingdom, as it is now the capital of a subject one, will easily understand the idea I would wish to convey by that denomination: an old town, with some large strong-built houses, with ancient massive gateways, with churches of an elegant gothic archtiecture, often disfigured by portions added in later days, and intermixed with newly-erected imperial public offices—such is Prague.

Crossing the long and handsome bridge, I passed through several streets, the names of which are inscribed in the German and Bohemian languages, and ascended to the top of the hill, on which stands the palace. This is a large conglobation of irregular buildings divided into several courts, and containing within its precincts the royal apartments, the archbishoprick, the cathedral church of the town, and a monastery. In the cathedral are the tombs of all the ancient princes of Bohemia, whose grim armour-clad statues recall to the traveller the gloomy annals of

barbarous and forgotten times. In mingled German, French, Italian, and Latin, the sacristain recounted to me some of the dark deeds of these unknown chieftains. A good field this would be for the gleanings of a writer of wild historical romance.

In this cathedral the body of St. John Nepomucen is interred with the following epitaph: "Under this stone lies the body of "the most venerable and most glorious Thau- "maturgus, JOHN NEPOMUCEN, doctor, "canon of this church, and confessor of the "empress; who, because he had faithfully kept "the seal of confession, was cruelly tormented, "and thrown from the bridge of Prague into "the river Muldaw, by the orders of Wences- "las IV. Emperor and King of Bohemia, "son of Charles IV. 1383."

I insert this inscription for the information of some whom I have heard scoff at the statues and other images of this great man. Had similar circumstances accompanied the death of any personage of the Roman history, the same travellers would have revered as a hero him whom they now despise as a Catholic

Saint. Why should he who admires Regulus sacrificing himself rather than act contrary to his oath to the Carthaginians, withhold his approbation from John Nepomucen, dying rather than break his solemn engagements to his God and his fellow men.*

On the front of the monastery which I have mentioned as standing in the court of the palace, is the following inscription:

Maria Theresia, Pia, Felix, Augusta,
Post tranquillitatem pariter domi forisque
assertam, sacras has ædes ad majorem
Dei gloriam, divini cultus incrementum,
nobilitatis solatiam, fieri fecit et regali
sumptu dotavit. A. O. R. MDCCLV.

* "In the sacrament of penance, so indispensable is the law of secrecy, and so far does it extend, and the Minister is bound, by all laws, so much to be upon his guard in this respect, that he may say with St. Augustin, '*quæ per confessionem scio minus scio quam quæ nescio*—what I know 'by confession, I know less than what I do not know at 'all.' Without this indispensable secrecy, the very precept and obligation cease. And this law is expedient also to the public weal; for by it the Minister will often draw sinners from dangerous designs which otherwise would never have come to his knowledge; as F. Coton shewed to the entire satisfaction of Henry IV. of France."—See Butler's "Lives "of the Saints," vol. v.

I entered the chapel: it is a small ordinary building. Here I unexpectedly found a young English traveller of my acquaintance: we had formerly, for some months, been fellow-students at Stoneyhurst college, and I had since occasionally seen him on the Continent. It was with mutual pleasure that we now met.

On leaving the chapel, he gazed at the above mentioned inscription. "*Nobilitatis "solatiam,*" he repeated, "I am afraid that "Maria Theresa's opinion of the wants of "her nobility would not be maintained at the "present day: but, perhaps, she merely "declared it with something of a political, "alluring, jesuitical intention. And many "would charitably lend her such a motive, on "observing that she has introduced in her in-"scription the famous motto of our old "friends, the Jesuits—*ad majorem Dei glo-"riam.*"

"I had read this inscription," he continued, "before you met me in the chapel, where, in "one short quarter of an hour, I had mused "away a dozen years in the thoughts of *auld "lang syne* which it had suggested. A. M.

" D. G.—how often have I written those four
" letters above the Latin themes and exercises
" of former days: when, an inmate of Stony-
" hurst college, I passed one year amidst the
" restraints and pleasures which render the
" life of a schoolboy so happy, and at the
" same time so wretched! You, who know
" my mind and feelings, will understand this
" wandering of thought; you will participate
" in the, to me, delicious reverie in which I
" gave way to all the recollections awakened
" within me; in which I dived into the past,
" endeavouring to unite the severed and half-
" forgotten links of memory's chain, until it
" presents a perfect clew, which, conducting
" me from that careless play-ground where it
" can only recal those petty recollections and
" trifling images which become so dear to us
" in after life, leads into years in which it
" ought to have shone with the brightness of
" happiness, and to the greater portion of
" which I still look back with soothed grati-
" tude; and embracing in its circuit different
" nations and different people, at length con-
" ducts me....to the door of a Bohemian

" monastery! And here I again find these " four letters, A. M. D. G! and here, then— " without in any way declaring myself a " partisan of my early instructors, the Jesuits; " still less so, of the sense to which they are " accused of having distorted them—I again " repeat the initials of their motto: not with " the thoughtlessness of childhood, but by " reflection, comparison, and investigation, " enabled to appreciate their force, and to " trust in the sentiments they contain."

The employment of my unoccupied *travelling* moments being, as I before stated, my only object in writing these papers—

" A bubble, not blown up for praise,
" But just to play with, as an infant plays"—

I have freely written down the preceding sentiments, and indulged in the thoughts which my friend's reverie brought home to myself. A heartfelt grasp of the hand was the only answer I was then able to give him; and soon after we parted: he to spend some weeks in wandering through the Hartz mountains, while I should proceed to study German at Dresden.

EVENING WALKS.

I had agreed to take a walk in the evening with the Saxon Baron and another fellow-traveller, a Prussian. We left our hotel at five o'clock, and were carried by the ferry-boat into the two small islands—called, I believe, "great and little Venice"—which rise in the shallow bed of the Muldaw. They are planted with thick-grown chesnut trees, under which were placed many a table for the accommodation of those who might fly for refreshment to these otherwise-sequestered spots. On the façade of a handsome building was the imposing inscription, "NOBIS ET "POSTERITATI:" on the wall below was an handbill intimating "to the friends of music "and dancing," that a reunion would be holden there on every Sunday following; admittance twenty *kreutzers*, eight-pence.

We again sought the ferry-boat, and were transported to the opposite bank of the river. A narrow walk through a fruit garden led us up a rapid ascent to the front of a neat

house. The clouds that had remained dark and lowering since our departure from Vienna, now sent down a heavy shower of rain.

"Kellner! bring a bottle of beer and a "light. Shall I offer you a segar, Sir?" This order and offer were spoken the very instant we had entered a common sitting-room; and a few moments afterwards, I was seated by an open window sipping my liquor and "blowing clouds"* with all the calmness and solemnity of a veteran amateur. "Now," said the Baron, "we are all three good Ger-"mans, and enjoy a pleasure in which I was "unable to indulge in Italy. Nevertheless, "I must own that I did not regret it, when I "strolled on the bank of the Arno at Flo-"rence, and took my evening ice at the "thronged door of the *caffé*." He then entered upon a long panegyric of his "dear "Italy," of which he seemed to be as great an admirer as the Prussian was of the beer.

* I employ this expression on the authority of a work I have already quoted, the editor of which says that it means "to smoke a pipe," and that it is a highly poetical phrase, and explains what Homer meant by the epithet νεφεληγερετης.

Two hours passed away before I could prevail upon them to return to the town.

We supped on pheasants and *sauerkraut;*—they drank more beer; and, declining the segar that was again offered me, I retired to my room, certain that I was in Germany!

On the following evening we walked in an opposite direction; and passing before a little, smoky, dusty, almost underground room filled with peasants, who were waltzing to the music of a very excellent band,—we entered the *Baum-Garten.* This is a pretty drive near the town. At this season, few of the Bohemian *noblesse* are in Prague, but I saw one handsome four-in-hand equipage, the driver of which I strongly suspected of having taken lessons in his art in England. The evening was cool and pleasant. Numbers of men and women were drinking beer or milk under the trees: of course no man was without his tobacco-pipe.

"The lover now, beneath the western star,
"Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,
"And fills the ears of some consenting she
"With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy."

I was amused to think how perfectly these lines, in one of Moore's beautiful epistles from America, applied to the scene before me. But I doubt whether lover's sighs in the city of Washington are accompanied by as good musicians—the musicians of Prague are famous even in Germany—as were here performing the finest parts of the best Italian and French operas. From what I can judge of their manners and characters, it is in this sort of sleepy sensuality that the Germans seem most to delight. I should suppose that, with a pipe in his mouth and a pot of beer at his side, a German would, with unchangeable equanimity, defy any stroke of fate and any change of fortune;—whether for the better or the worse, could little interest one steeped in these tempering, deadening preservatives.

BOHEMIAN MAILS.

I had been detained two days at Prague, as the coaches—monopolised, as usual, by

government—do not pass more than three times a week between Vienna and Dresden.

To an Englishman, the epithet "Snail-"wagon"* seems to hold out a promise of very moderately-swift travelling: but I must beg leave to remark, once for all, that *wagon* is German for *carriage*, and *snail* for *quick!*

The Austrian post-horses and their harness are excellent, compared with those of France: but considering that they carry no baggage—for all trunks are sent by a different conveyance—they advance but at a slow rate. In Germany the roads, also, are much better than in France; and we are amused by finding here the original, the primitive toll-bar. In England, though we still keep the ancient term, we have erected gates in lieu of that which it represents: in Germany, an immense bar, the smoothed painted trunk of a pine tree, still rises and falls across the road by means of a weight placed at one end of it. When the *schnellwagens* arrive at the summits of the different descents, a traveller, used only to English coaches and coachmen, would smile

* According to the usual vocabulary, *Schnellwagen*.

to see these postillions jump suddenly from their saddles, lock the wheels of the vehicles, and, as their horses descend the steep hills at a hard trot, run at full speed beside them, their whips flourishing to and fro above their heads, their trumpets dangling loose at their sides, and their tobacco-pipes swinging at their mouths, like the pendulum of a clock, and sending up thick fumes of smoke over the large cocked hats which, bound with broad white tape, completely overshadow their gay scarlet jackets!

At such times, the *schnellwagen* would be well suited to the pencil of an English drawer of caricatures. But the scenes of our caricatures are always laid in France: and, in truth, the French nation may justly sit for the greater part of the Continent, on which they have stamped their own features. Caricatures of England present entirely different shades; they require outlines exclusively their own:—and these, be it said, are in no way less amusing than those of their neighbours. But the *beau idéal* of caricatures of England is contained in that self-chosen epithet John

Bull. If my reader is one of those who pride themselves on being "true John Bulls," he does not stand in need of an explanation of the term: should he not be one of that self-satisfied class, I refer him to the pleasing and clever disquisition held, by the able writer of the "Sketch Book," on the merits and demerits of John Bull.

TÖPLITZ.

Töplitz is finely situated. The gardens of Prince Clary, which he liberally opens to the public, are very pretty and interesting: indeed, I have seen few more pleasant. Here, there is a *salon de réunion*, in which is a *table d' hôtes*, frequented by the most fashionable visiters of the baths: at this table, wild-duck and *chevreuil* formed part of an excellent dinner for which I was charged one shilling! A good band always performs in the gallery above, and attends again in the evening, when the company dance.

This excess, as some might call it, of music,

is one of the features of Germany which most please me. Some tourist relates that a monk told him he found the singing of vespers a great help to digestion. *En passant*, I must protest against the uncharitable feeling which would take for granted that *that* was the only charm this person found in the performance of a religious duty. But as I do not pretend to assert that all monks are so purely spiritual as not to congratulate themselves on deriving some advantage from this union of prayer and digestion, I will not refuse to enforce my own sentiments by the opinion of this holy *bon vivant*. Reversing, therefore, the tables, I own that, in this custom of introducing music during meals, I also love the mixture of the spiritual with the sensual enjoyment:—and Paley tells us that in eating consists by no means a small portion of animal happiness. Who does not receive his food with additional satisfaction, when the movement of the hand that conveys it to the mouth is unconsciously quickened, according to the lively bursts of the *opera buffa*, or loiters in the tender strains of the *opera seria?*—or still more so, when

the sensual yielding completely to the spiritual enjoyment, it pauses in patriotic rapture, and forgets its present business to beat time to that pretty English air which those two German harps are even now bringing back to my remembrance, while the endearment it acquires from distance, and the associations it awakens, throw me into a calm reverie, in which the faults and mistakes of the performers are totally unheeded:

"Oh Music! here, even here,
"Amidst this thoughtless, wild career,
"Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
"There is an air which oft among the rocks
"Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
"Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks;
"Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
"With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
"The rosy children whom he left behind,
"And fill each little angel eye
"With speaking tears, that ask him why
"He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these!
"Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;
"Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears;
"And the stern eyes, that looked for blood before,
"Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears!"

Such were the reflections aroused last night by the two harps that played in the supper-room of my hotel: and altering "the trum-"pet's brazen roar" into the *restaurateur's* bill of fare—the mention of "blood" still remaining particularly apt—I delighted to bring home to myself the sentiments which I have ventured to transcribe at full length.

I do not fear being blamed for so often quoting Moore: all will be glad to read again the passages which I have thus again presented to them. Galignani's edition of Mr. Moore's poetical works is one of my constant companions on this journey; and I own with gratitude that, for some of the pleasantest moments I have enjoyed on a pleasant tour, I am indebted to this patriotic, this unprejudiced, this tender Muse of one of the first of our poets.

And Byron—the much-sinning but much-sinned-against Byron? I am almost afraid that I shall be blamed for heading these chapters with extracts from his Don Juan: but is any fault found with the sentiments contained in the extracts themselves? Surely

he who quotes is answerable but for the meaning conveyed in those words only which he detaches from other works? I do not pretend to approve of, or in any way to excuse, many of the sentiments conveyed in Don Juan: but I fear that it contains the history of the feelings of most men of the world, and therefore necessarily exhibits much that is bad mixed up with much that is excellent,—hence every reader of the poem seeks that which is most consonant to his own character. If the book were to be considered as showing a true picture of the feelings of its writer, I am convinced that, on every well-disposed mind, its effect would be salutary; and that such a mind would retire from studying it, fully convinced that, in the author's own words,

"There is no sterner moralist than pleasure."

Whether or not such works are suited for general circulation, is a far different question.

My reveries at the supper-table were interrupted in the following manner:—"*Kellner!*" cried an English traveller, in his appearance a very gentlemanly young man, "*Kellner*, what

"does my supper cost?" 'The two veal 'cuttlets fivepence, and the roast fowl seven-'pence-halfpenny.' "But I shall not pay "the latter charge: I ordered only half a "fowl." 'It is very true, Sir.' "Well, "then, what is to be done?" 'Why....it is 'not dear: sevenpence-halfpenny is not 'much.....' "No; but the bringing me "twice as much as I ordered seems to me a "sort of trickery—*fourberie*."

This conversation was carried on, by both parties, in bad French; and it was laughable to see the smile that played, not without cause, on the grave features of the waiter. Such are the subjects which often arouse the indignation of Englishmen against "rascally, "cheating foreigners:" and a gentleman who, for the sole gratification of his curiosity, consents to incur the expense of travelling all over Europe, is not ashamed of discussing such a question as that I have just mentioned, and, on such grounds, of accusing a foreign innkeeper of "trickery!" Would the person of whom I am speaking have done so in his own country? No; and were English-

men to conduct themselves *abroad* as they do *in their own country*, it would, in many cases, be more to their individual and national credit.

CHAPTER IX.

The other father had a weaklier child,
  Of a soft cheek and aspect delicate:
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
  And patient spirit held aloof his fate:
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
  As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

Don Juan. Canto II.

Dresden is called the Florence of Germany. The epithet is a just one: it is the Florence.....of Germany.

The Elbe, though here small and shallow, winds prettily past the town: and the raised terrace which forms its western bank, is one of the most pleasantly-situated walks that are any where to be met with. The bridge stretches gracefully across the shining stream,

as it flows through the area of the amphitheatre, formed, on one side, by the massive buildings of the palace and the Catholic church, on the other side by the green, wooded hills which border the plain beyond the suburb of Neustadt.

The town itself possesses no buildings of imposing architecture. The walls of most of the houses are overlaid with plaster, to which the dampness of the climate gives a very saddening aspect. In the greater number of German towns, government interferes and secures a periodical washing and painting of the houses; but at Dresden this is not the case. I have heard a Prussian account for the dreary appearance of the buildings by saying that there were, in the town, a great number of *savants* and antiquarians, who were anxious to see, even on their own houses, the revered characters of genuine antiques.

The Sovereign's palace is an immense assemblage of irregular buildings, and forms about one twentieth part of this little capital.

FREDERIC AUGUSTUS.

The late king, Frederic Augustus, was an admirer of the good olden times, and enforced, even in his own family, the observance of their wholsome customs. He was not like William the Third of Prussia, who, on the coins issued during his youth, appeared in a long wig and dress *à la Louis XIV.* but who now stands forth with cropped jacobinic curls, and the simple uniform of a modern officer: no! Frederic Augustus was incapable of such base desertion of the ways of old! Until the hour of his death, he wore a well-tied, well-powdered queue, and insisted that his younger brothers should appear in the same guise. He expired a few months ago; and Anthony, the present sovereign, turning round to his brother, is said to have exclaimed, "Now, "Maximilian, we may cut off our queues!"

Certain it is, that about this time the appendage ceased to appear with reverend stiffness above the collars of their coats.

THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

Most tourists describe Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto* as being the principal ornament of this gallery, and a *chef d'œuvre* of the art that created it. Dare I differ from their opinions? Dare I risk incurring the reprobation of critics who only know the picture from the flattering descriptions of its votaries? This is a question which well deserves the serious consideration of an author who would not rashly commit himself.

Adam Smith declares that "man is a bar-"tering animal." It has been asserted that, when a political personage represents himself as belonging to no party, he means to say that he is ready to sell himself to the highest bidder. If a similar mode of reasoning is to actuate all negociations, I ought now duly to consider whether I am likely to obtain more favour with the public by praising, than by blaming, this work of Raphael.

The question does not admit of a serious

doubt. We cling to our prejudices: we have in us an innate sentiment of benevolence for all that is in itself beautiful; and this sentiment makes us love to multiply, even in our imaginations, the number of those objects which we conceive to be deserving of our praise. Self-love may, as La Rochefoucault asserts, be the source from whence spring all our actions; but it is not the ground-work of our natures. Mankind is, naturally, virtuous, generous, and attached to all that is worthy of attachment: it is only when these purer impulses are opposed to what we fancy to be our interest, that we abandon them for less worthy sentiments.

The public will, therefore, be more gratified by the praise I may bestow upon this well-known painting, than by any thing I may say to lessen it in its estimation. But having been so ill-judged as to declare that, throughout these pages, I would not conceal my real sentiments, I am placed in an awkward dilemma, and I fear that the path of honour is now, as is too often the case, opposed to that of interest.

Lord Chesterfield tells his son that, when he visits the Opera-house, he must leave his common sense with his half-guinea at the door.

This plan must, it is well known, be adopted by those who enter a gallery of Italian paintings, in which, besides other anachronisms, the heaven, the earth, and the hell, both of ancient Paganism and of Christianity, are often found within the same frame—as in Michael Angelo's famous Last Judgment. The *Madonna di San Sisto* must not, therefore, be objected to on the ground that its composition violates the dictates of common sense—that is, of nature. An artist who had been engaged to paint, for the chapel of one of the colleges of Oxford, a Resurrection from the Dead, represented all his personages "without even a relic of drapery round them," and defended himself by saying that he did not know of what manufacture and cut would be the clothes in which human bodies would rise from their graves at the last day. This rational, matter-of-fact painter would certainly have objected to the handsome drapery in which Raphael has enveloped the figures of

all the personages, except the two little heavenly angels, and the infant Jesus, who are represented according to the systematic nudity of his own argument. This is, amusingly enough, the case in all pictures of Madonnas: howsoever well dressed the mother may be, the child is always naked. But these observations are merely made *en passant*, without more importance being attached to them than they, in reality, deserve.

I believe the painting in question to be admired for the very abstracted expression of the mother, and for the very thoughtful, but also very manly, surly frown that overshadows the mimic features of the infant, as it reclines in the arms of its absorbed and absent parent, who seems not even aware of its presence. Nor is the posture of the infant more suited to its years: with its left hand it grasps the instep of its right leg, which it has rested upon its left knee,—a common attitude with elderly men.

The Oxford artist, to whom I have alluded above, would, probably, have objected to an absurd kind of anachronism which runs

through most of these paintings. The scene of the *Madonna di San Sisto* lies in heaven: both the Blessed Virgin and her Son are, therefore, released from those properties of mortality in which the one deigned to submit himself to the other. How, then, can our Saviour be here represented as a child in the arms of his mother? If he still wears the form of a man, it is in that full-grown body in which he died for us: he has not again returned to the stature of infancy.

Thus those who tell us of visions and supernatural appearances of the Blessed Virgin, generally represent her as having shown herself to them with the infant Saviour in her arms. To me, this simple fact would instantly prove the vision to be a fabrication of their own fancies.

I own that the *Madonna di San Sisto* is a magnificent painting, and that imagination may find cause of admiration in all the anachronisms and absurdities which common sense reproves. The custom of the times, more than Raphael, is to be blamed for them; but it certainly were to be wished that they

did not exist. In a religious point of view, they can never be justified; for nothing is more opposed to the inspiration of reverential awe and lofty feelings than the sight of these numerous *Madonnas* which compose two-thirds of most Italian picture-galleries.

Do you wish to paint a mother and her son?—why transform her into a *Madonna?* You scarcely ever represent her with that feeling of awe and reverence which ought to distinguish her from any other parent. If an artist feels himself capable of uniting in his production this sentiment of humble respect with the expression of motherly affection, let him paint a *Madonna:* but if he is unable to blend these different impulses—and seldom is it even attempted to do so—let him confine himself to the representation of an ordinary mother. The sentiments of a common mother towards her mortal child are sufficiently beautiful, and intense, and various to exercise all his talent.

Behold that painting by Murillo! It is not a *Madonna*, as many, accustomed to the stores of Italian galleries, at once suppose it

to be. It represents a young woman, seated on a naked garden wall and holding her infant in her arms: nothing is brought forward to add effect, or to embellish the scenery. But look what feelings animate the group: can any be more likely to excite the interest of the beholder? See the child put up its little hand to draw aside the drapery that covers its mother's sunken breast,—that breast from which it can receive its only food: see its fingers rest upon the linen which falls not back with the needed quickness: see the pale features of the starving child turned away with the look of often-frustrated hope, of resigned distress! Now look at the mother. Pity the tender, affectionate movement with which she gently stays the searching hand of her pining infant! Her features are not beautiful: they are those of a young Spanish peasant girl; but oh! how eloquent, how heartfelt is the expression with which she turns them up to heaven! Behold those dark, tearful eyes; who can look unmoved on the supplicating, but almost despairing glance in which they are fixed above! Her quivering

lips pray for her starving infant: she has brought it into an existence of misery, and must she now see it perish from want of that nourishment which every mother's breast ought to supply? But that mother is herself extenuated by want: in the most tender age of maternity, heaven alone can save both her and her offspring from perishing: and heaven it is she prays to have mercy on her infant!....

SWEETNESS OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

I went last evening to see Weber's "*Euryanthe*" performed at the Theatre. Of course, I did not pretend to understand the words of the Opera; but I had expected that I should be able to follow the plot by help of the action alone of the performers, and the intonations of their voices. How great was my mistake! During a violent dispute between two of the

personages in the play, one of them threw down his "*Handschuh*—glove" before the other: so far, the sound of the language afforded me a faithful and sufficient clue; but, after many equally *harsh sounding* speeches, and just when I expected they were on the point of coming to bloody extremities, they suddenly shook hands and smiled reconciliation! "So much," I thought, "for "trusting to the soft intonations of the Ger- "man language!"

TOMB OF MOREAU.

I had walked out of Dresden, and had, at length, discovered Moreau's neat and simple tomb on the brow of the hill above Recknitz. I approached it with rather mingled sentiments—unable to determine in my own mind whether I was about to pay my devotions to the remains of a hero or of a traitor.

I endeavoured, however, to arouse within me that enthusiasm which we think ourselves bound to feel on such occasions, but which the regular, systematic character of Moreau was so little calculated to inspire. As I approached nearer, the almost fictitious solemnity of my reflections was interrupted by sounds which testified to the equally unsettled sentiments of some votary who had preceded me. Advancing onwards, I distinguished the words of a number of French songs which, however unconnected with the tenant of the tomb, were allied to the train of thought which the place was likely to awaken. The "*Marseilleois*," the "*Ca-ira*," and several other of the most popular songs of the commencement of the French Revolution, were sung out in a careless manner from behind the monument. The voice—which, with no small degree of surprise, I immediately recognised as the same which, as the reader may remember, had so much interested me in the ruined castle of the Black Forest—the voice ceased for a few moments: but—probably according to the course of the unseen visiter's reflec-

tions—it suddenly rose again on the air, and repeated the well-known tune,

"*Bon voyage, Napoléon ;*
"*Tu reviendras dans une autre saison !*"

I was now standing behind the block of granite that forms the monument. At a few paces from me, a young man was seated on the dry stubble of the corn-field, and was occupied in sketching the tomb and the scenery beyond it. I instantly recognised him as my *rêveur* of the monastery of Prague—though I had not then been aware of his identity with the unseen minstrel of the Black Forest.

"But are you not afraid of thus loudly "singing these revolutionary canticles?"—'Afraid! of what? you know my foible: 'any difficulties into which they might bring 'me would be fully compensated by the 'scenes which, I can fancy, would be pre-'sented to me. Since I have been going over 'these countries alone, I have, moreover, 'acquired the habit of thus giving vent to the 'feelings of the moment—like that other 'dreamer who

"Whistled as he went, for want of thought."

'I did, however, imagine that I was really 'thinking during the hour that I have just 'loitered away on this spot. This, said I to 'myself, is what the world calls glory! A 'solitary tomb in the midst of a foreign corn-'field, amongst the stubble of which a flock 'of sheep are picking up a scanty nourish-'ment, and that drove of cattle strays—tink-'ling the numerous bells suspended around 'their necks, and which the distance blends 'into something like the sound of a stringed 'instrument! A solitary tomb, on which 'swarms of caterpillars irreverently crawl, 'and which is whitened by the inglorious 'deposits of the birds that flutter amongst the 'branches of those three tiny oak trees that 'rise beside it! A solitary tomb, visited as a 'sight by crowds of unfeeling strangers, who 'scratch their own names on the bronze 'helmet that surmounts it, or insert the word '"TRAITOR" above the flattering epitaph 'inscribed on the granite! And to whom, 'after all, is that epitaph most flattering? to 'whom is it chiefly raised?—

MOREAU
DER HELD
FIEL HIER AN DER SEITE
ALEXANDERS
DEN XXVII AUGUST
MDCCCXIII.*

'Is it not as much intended as a record of 'the bravery which prompted the Emperor 'Alexander thus to expose himself, as of the 'merits of the soldier who "fell at his side?" 'But,' continued my animated friend, 'do 'you know, I am told that Moreau's *legs* only 'are buried here: that the *body* was carried 'away by the cannon ball! And some *mau-'vais plaisants* go so far as to assert that even '*both* these legs are not those of the general, 'for that it was over *two left legs* that Alex-'ander reared this monument! You remem-'ber the favourite song in the opera of the '*Dame Blanche*—

'*Quel plaisir d'être soldat!*
'*Quel plaisir d'être soldat!*'

* "Moreau, the hero, fell here at Alexander's side."

CHAPTER X.

Ah!—What should follow slips from my reflection!
Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be
As apropos of hope or retrospection,
As though the lurking thought had follow'd free.
All present life is but an interjection,
An "oh!" or "ah!" of joy or misery
Or a "ha! ah?" or "bah!"—a yawn, or "pooh!"
Of which perhaps the latter is most true

Don Juan. Canto XV.

EQUALITY of political rights was secured to the followers of different religious creeds by the treaty concluded between the King of Saxony and Napoleon. Before that time, no Catholic had been allowed to possess landed property; and though the royal family was itself Catholic, yet so strong was the animosity of the Protestant, the more numerous sect, that a code of laws existed very similar to that

which, thanks to the good sense of George III. no longer disgraces the English statute-book. The religious persecutions of one party cannot justify the reprisals of the other; but each seems to have strived which could offer most sacrifices to the spirit of persecuting fanaticism.

The music performed during high mass in the King's chapel is greatly admired by all travellers. I also admire it: but....

Party spirit renders it difficult for a Catholic to find fault with any part of the conduct of his fellow Catholics, without exposing himself to hear the sincerity of his belief questioned by Protestants, and even by those of his own creed. A writer for the public is, almost necessarily, compelled to be illiberal: unless he adopts all the prejudices, and displays all the rancour felt by either party, he is denied and condemned by both. Be it so: the fear of offending the mistaken, though well-meaning, friends of Catholicism shall not induce me silently to see practices opposed to every principle of Christianity, defended by the polluted shield of the Catholic faith. Like those shields we read of in romance, the arrows of

its enemies and of its mistaken friends have been so long discharged against it, and have so firmly engrafted themselves upon its surface, that the wearied arm would seem about to sink under the complicated weight. Let me now endeavour to extract one of these poisonous darts. Though that which I may blame in the performance of the service in the Catholic royal chapel of Dresden, may not, perhaps, call for the strong language I have employed,—yet, so far as it goes, it is most shameful; and so far as it goes, it tends to indispose the Protestant beholder towards a religion, on the subject of which he is but too willing to receive hostile opinions.

Let me first ask the King of Saxony—for it is he who is answerable for this part of the service of his chapel—let me ask him if he really holds the Catholic belief relative to the sacrifice of the mass? If so, or if he holds any religious belief whatever, does he not violate the respect he owes to his God, when he transforms the offering up of humble prayers into a mere theatrical show? Does he see nothing inconsistent with the reverence he

professes towards his Maker, when he collects together thoughtless crowds, who, turning their backs to the altar, or sauntering carelessly through the aisles of the building, hang on every brazen note of his state eunuchs? The stranger, on first entering the church, is edified by beholding the line of separation drawn between the men and the women of the congregation, according to the customs of the first Christians: but when he sees that this separation is absolutely necessitated by the assembled concourse of idle young men, what must he think of him who thus transforms the most sacred mysteries of his religion into an attractive but unfeeling show—who makes the hour of prayer that of a fashionable rendezvous, and the service of the altar completely dependent on the taste of his court musicians; causing the unoccupied priest to stop in the midst of the service till the cessation of the fiddles that accompany the theatrical strains of his singers?

Delicacy would, perhaps, require that I should pass over these miserable beings in silence; but those who can find pleasure in

their performance cannot object to my alluding to them. When there is any chance of our remarks producing a good effect, false modesty should not make us pass over in silence that which is really wrong. The Popes used to be the grand protectors, the grand employers of these singers: the King of Saxony is, therefore, in part excusable for following the example set him by the heads of his church. But if the Popes, as individuals, favoured that which was disgraceful to humanity, ought their example to be followed by those who know them not beyond the limits of their sacred character? I myself am a Catholic; but I blush to think that the heads of a religious society should, in their character of temporal princes, have protected that which it is disgraceful to the King of Saxony to imitate. I speak here in the past mood, because I am assured that his present Holiness has now interfered to prevent the continuance of this revolting "commerce."

The manner in which high mass is celebrated at Dresden, is, in short, a cause of scandal to every thinking man, and must be

strongly reprobated by every real Christian, whether he be a follower of the Catholic or of the Protestant creed.

LANGUAGES.

A local proverb says that "Dresden is "always either a hospital or a school:" in winter, the residence of the Russians and Poles who frequent the neighbouring waters of Carlsbad; in summer, resorted to by Englishmen eager to study the German language.

It is very generally supposed that this language is best spoken in Saxony: a belief far from founded. The Saxons themselves allow that it is heard in its greatest purity in Hanover. But, in fact, the German language may be said to exist no where as such: for no where is it the language of the people. In every part of Germany, the lower classes have their own *patois*, which always differs more or less from the written language; and few even of superior rank and education, to whatever

district they may belong, are able completely to banish provincialisms from their discourse.

To the ear of a foreigner ignorant of the language, the Austrian dialect is by far the most pleasing. As German, the language spoken at Vienna is barbarous; but, to a stranger, its intonations are not less agreeable on that account; for the vicinity of Italy has introduced something of Italian softness; while, owing to the southern latitude of the country, the people are more animated and lively—are less German than in other parts.

This, perhaps, it is that draws upon the Austrians the malevolence of their more steady neighbours. I would, in no way, assert that the natives of the other German states are all amicably disposed towards each other; but they all speak of the Austrians with the same mingled sentiments of unfounded dislike and contempt. The incorrectness of their language offers a never-ending source of ridicule: and, in short, in society and on the theatre, they stand preeminent as the Irishmen of Germany. Were this dislike founded upon the policy of the Austrian government, it

might be excused; but I cannot look upon the individual natives of Vienna otherwise than as the most pleasant, lively, and agreeable people of Germany.

To acquire the German language, Dresden is of all towns the last in which a stranger should settle. Though French is, it may be said, the language of society all over the Continent, yet it is here more generally known than in other parts of Germany. I am, however, told that it is less spoken at Berlin than elsewhere, and that the members of society there pique themselves on the correctness of their own elocution. Nor is the accent of the Prussians decidedly bad: but even were that the case, the stranger should not dread it; for the accent peculiar to his own language will almost always predominate over every other he may fear to acquire. An Englishman has, moreover, no cause of complaint, if he speaks German like a Prussian.

One word more of advice to the English scholar: let him not be terrified or repulsed by the difficulties of the language. Madame de Staël said that the attainment of most

languages was a *study*, but that the acquisition of German was a *science*: he who does not know German, cannot appreciate this declaration; but he who does know it, will join with me in asserting that it well repays all the labour its acquisition costs the student.

The method which I myself followed may be found useful. Although, when I arrived at Dresden, I had already passed two months in the country, yet I had never bestowed the least attention on the language of Germany. Having then taken a dozen lessons in order to learn the pronunciation and the main principles of the grammar, I resolved that I would not endeavour to acquire that conversational dialect in which but little progress could be made during a short residence, and could scarcely be retained in after-life; and, discharging my master, I began to read Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" with no other help than a grammar and a small pocket dictionary afforded me. By the most assiduous application, in the course of five weeks I have thus read—with as much, or more, pleasure than I

ever read any thing in my life—all Schiller's best tragedies.

What say you now to that system which dedicates six or eight years of every man's youth to the acquisition—supposing that he acquire them—of two languages, neither of which present as great difficulties as the German?

As the literary public of Italy is divided by the opinions of the Trecentisti and their adversaries, so that of Germany beholds the more important struggles of those who wish to purify the language from the incursions of French words and idioms. The armies of France, while they taught their own language to the natives of those countries in which they sojourned, gradually corrupted the national dialect itself: and it is now the object of patriotic Germans to expunge those gallicisms which had found their way from common, negligent conversation into the very literature of their country. I am acquainted with some who, refusing to address ladies by the now generally adopted title of *Madame*, offend

refined ears by still employing the antiquated epithet, *Frau !*

Ridicule has, also, been called upon to aid in this purification. I have heard a clever comedy, in which almost every German line—spoken by one of the characters—had its fellow in the absurd introduction of a French idiom.

Many foreigners have wished that the Germans would abandon their own letters, and print their books and journals in Roman type. Why should this be desired? Why should the people of an immense district give up their own letters, in order to save the few who study their language, a paltry difficulty which may be surmounted in the space of half an hour? Would the "classical" scholar renounce the cherished associations of the Greek type? Then why demand that the only European language which can rival the beauty and richness of the ancient Greek, should abandon its national alphabet—that alphabet which is, perhaps, alone capable of conveying the true and exact sound of its words? For, strange

as the assertion may appear, every German word is pronounced as it is spelt, no letter is useless.

EXCURSIONS.

Although, as I have before said, Dresden is not a handsome, nor even a pretty town, yet the country in its vicinity is, perhaps, more beautiful than that which surrounds any other capital—excepting always Naples. The Elbe, as it flows past the Terrasse, involuntarily brings back the Arno to our remembrance; and whether we follow its bed to the vine-covered hills of Meisen, or ascend its stream to the dark pines, the wild rocks, the smiling vallies, and the frowning Bastey of the Saxon-Switzerland, we meet with scenery equally calculated to charm either the poet or the painter. I take it for granted that preceding tourists have not failed to describe the Sachsen Schweitz. I shall not, therefore, dwell on the pretty points of view in the Liebthal and

Uttewald, on the windings of the Elbe around the base of the perpendicular Bastey, or the white sun-lighted sea of cloud whose low waving billows concealed the country lying beneath the precipitous ridge of the Brand: nor shall I detain my readers by an account of the civil lowliness of the inn of Hohnstein, or the inscriptions on the neat tomb-stones in the village church-yard; nor of the perpendicular crevice and the bridges across the ravines that are passed in ascending to the summit of the Hochstein. Suffice it to say that the picturesque traveller who visits this country, even though he should be acquainted with Switzerland, *proper*, will not be disappointed.

The valley of Tharante will offer him another pleasant excursion: with a smile at German sentimentality and cunning, he will drop his gift into the apparently-neglected box which requests "*the delighted wanderer* "*to bestow an offering on beautiful nature;*" and his independent indignation and contempt will be aroused by the gross flattery which,

in that spot called *heiligen Schatten*,* has raised a small pillar with the inscription, "*Oh, holy shades! twice holy, since Frederic Augustus and Emilia esteemed you holy, on*"... The date of the royal visit follows.

WILHELM VON TÜDEMANN.†

In his *Itineraire de Paris à Jerusalem*, Chateaubriand mentions the sentiments of pride with which he found in one of the Greek convents a translation of his own "Atala." It was with something of the same pride, though embittered by a feeling of just reproach, that I looked over a work entitled "*Neapel wie es ist*—Naples as it is"—by Wilhelm von Tüdemann: in this work, which has very lately appeared in Germany and has there met with an extensive circulation, what was my surprise to find whole pages tran-

* Holy shades.

† I am not sure but that this Gentleman's name is Lüdemann: if so, a blot in my journal must excuse the involuntary error.

scribed almost literally, and without any acknowledgment, from my own "Transalpine "Memoirs!" Perhaps Mr. Tüdemann is not a wilful plagiarist; as, besides the German papers which have avowedly reviewed my work, several others have repeated from it passages and anecdotes, without saying whence they were received. It is, therefore, possible that the author of "*Neapel wie es ist*" may have professed to collect these notices only; but I trust that, should these papers ever meet his eye, he will acknowledge the justice of my complaint, and, in his future publications, adopt measures to vindicate himself from the possible reproach of plagiarism.

THE VOGELSCHÜTZEN.

I had long been taught to look forward with high expectation to this popular fête. The line of the immense crowd indicated the road to be followed beyond the *Pirnaische Vorstadt*—the suburb of Pirna. In the centre of a large open field on the bank of the

Elbe, arose three lofty poles of unequal height; on the top of each of these, a large bird of painted wood with extended wings was slightly fixed. From a stand erected at some distance in front, all those who paid a stated tribute were entitled to shoot missiles from a cross-bow; and besides private wagers, a prize was attached to each limb of the bird, proportioned to the difficulty of striking it from its elevated situation. The royal family itself generally takes part in this sport, and all orders of people follow their example.

The shooting at the bird is, however, the least attractive of the pleasures of the Vogel-schützen. Around the object of contest, an actual town of temporary booths has been erected: several of these are occupied by the venders of petty wares, or hold forth the attractions of the pastry-cook's shop; but by far the greater number announce themselves as *caffés*, or have been raised and elegantly adorned by private individuals for the entertainment of their own families and friends. So far there was nothing novel or particularly striking in the scene; it was in the conduct

of those around me that I found matter of surprise: here was not the noise, the fun, the drunkenness of an English fair; nor the lively dance of a French village fête; but hundreds of people quietly circulated amongst the booths—their features marked by no excitement, but, with the usual heavy placid expression, surveying one another and all around, and mutually inhaling the smoke of each other's tobacco-pipe: for I really believe that, from all this multitude, there could not have been selected fifty of the lower classes who did not carry the never-to-be-abandoned tube!

GERMAN CHARACTER.

"How sweetly did it float upon the wings
"Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
"At every fall smoothing the raven-down
"Of darkness till it smiled!"

If ever I publish these papers, such shall be the motto prefixed to the book. What may be the exact meaning of these lines, I do

not indeed profess myself able to state with clearness and precision: Lord Byron asserted that they always conveyed to his mind the image of some one stroking the rounded back of a purring black cat: to me, they will seem indescribably allied to the "dark" pictures which we frame to ourselves of this "land of "romance."

Whether or not Germany and the Germans be entitled to this character which general opinion affixes to them, would be an interesting subject for investigation. In a great degree, I believe them to be so; for the decisions of public opinion are usually founded in truth, and the general tone of many of their writings proves the inclination of their minds towards the romantic, the wild, and the supernatural. Their quick perception of the beauties of nature, and their abilities to describe them, might be adduced to support this opinion: but he who has seen the opera of the Freischütz performed in France or England, and who then beholds it on the German stage, will be, at once, convinced of the justice of his preconceived belief. Let him be present

at the scene of the casting of the bullets, and he will require no further proof of the *supernatural* genius of the Germans: he will not see an overpowering number of fanciful or hideous shapes, but he will see enough to convince him of the diabolical skill of the manager.

A very creditable exhibition of general works of industry and of modern paintings is now open: these latter, also, strongly testify to the "dark" genius of the people. A clouded moon glimmering over an unvaried expanse of sea; roaring torrents tearing through frowning rocks and fallen trees; night-storms of snow raging round an old castle illuminated from within by torches and from without by a cold, bright moon and stars —such are the subjects which prove the bent of the painter's mind.

It is the fashion to abuse, or rather ridicule, the Germans. I remember to have heard an English friend explain to a Frenchman that the English laughed at the Germans as a heavy, stupid race of men: the smile which arose on the Frenchman's features did not betray

to my unsuspecting compatriot the disadvantageous comparison which the other was drawing. But be that as it may, our opinion of the Germans appears to me unjust. I, like others, have been amused by their predilection for beer and tobacco; and have regretted that they should thus deaden the quickness of their natural faculties; but which of those nations who ridicule German heaviness and apathy, equals them in quiet amiability, unalterable good temper, and an appearance of general content? I never yet saw a German angry: never yet have I heard a German oath—for their tranquil manner of exclaiming "*Sacrament!*" will not sound as such to him who has travelled through the coarse indecent blackguardisms of the lower orders of French. Let us be just towards the Germans; and making allowance for the divided and compressed state of the population of their extensive territory, let us acknowledge their amiable qualities while we indulge in a good-natured laugh at their peculiarities.

To the eye of an Englishman, moreover, these peculiarities are not very great. Much

resemblance may still be traced between the manners of the two people: for though the once proud sway of the Saxons be now shamefully circumscribed to the rule of one million of souls, we cannot forget how many of us are descended from these—our fierce conquerors of old.

P. P. C. VISITS.

"This is a farewell visit, Monsieur; I "return to England sooner than I had ex- "pected." '*Comment! est-ce-que le gouverne- 'ment?*'..... "The government! are you "Germans so accustomed to the tyrannical "interference of your police, that you can "imagine no other compulsive motive for "abandoning once-formed plans? No: what- "ever may be the injustices of the English "government, it does not descend to such "despicable intrusion. No: it is not the "'government' which recalls me to my "country; but I have said with your national

"tragedian—the only one who can pretend
"to rival our own Shakespeare—

Fahr' hin, du eitler Wahn, der mich bethört!
Ich soll das Glück in meiner Heimath finden.
* * * * *
Ach, wohl hab' ich es stets geliebt! Ich fühl's,
Es fehlte mir zu jedem Glück der Erden.*

* Away, vain dream, too long thou'st closed my eyes!
In my own country only shall I know
That happiness which home alone supplies.
Ah! ever have I loved it! 'Midst the flow
Of joys which after-lifemight, haply, lend,
My thoughts, I feel, would thither ever bend.
Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell."—Act 3. *Scene* 11.

CHAPTER XI.

And thence through *Leipzig, Francfort*, and the like,
Until he reached the castellated Rhine:
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how must ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine:
A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas over.

Don Juan. Canto X.

As the *schnellwagen* approached Leipzig, the guard pointed out to me the situations which the contending armies engaged in the battle had occupied on the plain we were traversing. "There," he said, "is the mark "of a cannon-ball:" he pointed to the mud wall of a cottager's garden which was pierced by a circular hole, in the cavity of which a poor beggar-woman rested her sickly head as

she sat upon the bank beneath. A striking picture of the passions and ills of mankind.

The great fair is now holding at Leipzig. I went to several hotels before I found one that could accommodate me with an apartment. At length I was shown into a back bedroom, with which the necessities of the case compelled me to be contented; and having passed the day in a mailcoach, I thought it natural to demand a basin of water and a towel. But long were my applications unheeded: I had already waited a good half-hour; the door opened; a servant entered, bringing me—a smoker's spitting-pan!

In the dining-room below there stood a stove surmounted by a statue of Minerva. Minerva upon a German stove! In the Tuillerie gardens at Paris, I have seen the casts of the Grecian statues of the Fawn and the Wrestlers smiling and writhing beneath a white, shivering coat of northern snow.

The Leipzig book-fair is renowned throughout Europe. So strong is the influence of prejudice and prepossession, that I have heard this fair brought forward in argument to

support the often-asserted literary superiority of Germany over other countries. But what does it in fact prove—except that the book trade is here still in its infancy, is still carried on according to erroneous notions? The unfolded printed sheets are alone brought into the fair; it is not many years since the people of Dresden were astonished by seeing, for the first time, a new book folded into a readable form and exposed for sale at a shopman's window. In England, all fairs are now little frequented; and when the German publishers shall understand their trade as well as it is understood by their brethren of London, the Leipzig book-fair will cease to exist.

A BURIAL-GROUND.

There is, at Leipzig, a burial-ground, the appearance of which pleased me much. The tree-surrounded tombs recalled *Perè La Chaise* to my mind; and though it was not here exalted by the monuments of those who lately figured in the history of the world, yet

it was gently soothed by the scriptural extracts and modest German inscriptions, headed only by the words, RUHE-STADT DER FAMILIE—*Resting-place of the Family:* the name followed. The form of this Christian inscription was never departed from, excepting when ERB-BEGRABNISS—*Hereditary burial-place*—occasionally replaced the other words.

Pleased by the humble spirit of these inscriptions, I lingered long amidst the retired, the elegant, and the spacious tombs: and my mind had so fully yielded to that train of thoughts which the written sentiments were so well calculated to inspire, that I started, as from a profanation, on coming near a rail-surrounded wall thus inscribed,

SEPULCRUM COLLEGII MAJORIS
PRINCIPUM:

on one side was inserted a modern marble, on which I read

MANIBUS
ERNESTI
PLATENSI.

Who would not pity this unmeaning, pedantic, pagan conceit?

I stood to observe a poor, broken-down old woman, who, kneeling beside a small earthen mound, was dressing up the flowers planted above the humble grave. A child of six years of age brought her a small watering-pan, and then played heedlessly about—smelling at the blooming flower-bed which probably covered the body of a brother or a sister whom *she* had never known, but whom her care-worn mother still wept as she tended its early "resting-place." Such were the suppositions which presented themselves to me, and I thought how a poet would have lingered over the affecting scene I was witnessing. But alas! alas! why can we not indulge in these dreams? Why must every fine feeling of the heart be checked by the leaden intrusion of reality?—

> "Can Fancy's hands no veil create
> "To hide the sad realities of fate?"—

The aged woman called her child; locked the gate in the iron railing round the grave; and proceeding to a neighbouring tomb, coolly selected a key from a ponderous bunch she

wore at her side, and again went through the unmeaning office of a common hireling!

This church-yard is on the skirts of the town, beside the plain on which the battle was fought. Over the door of the church is the following inscription:

Gott hat in der blutigen Schlacht
Von Leipzig, dies Bet-Hause bewacht.
Viel Gnade hat Er uns erwiesen,
Der Namen des Herre sey gepriesen.
Den 19 *Oct:* 1813.

It is interesting to see important past events so completely brought before us.

THE PRAIRIE.

The country between Leipzig and Francfort, though it may occasionally present some pretty verdant spots, is, generally speaking, of that open sort to which the Americans have affixed the title of Prairie. True, it is most barren; but within a century, the Prairie of the western hemisphere may be converted into a corn

district, when the terms in which the American novelist describes this, under his pen, interesting tract, will be equally applicable to the not less monotonous, though cultivated, swells of Germany.

In corn consists the riches of the greater part of this line of country: no vineyards, no pastures are to be seen; no hedge or fence marks the different plots of ground; and so great is the dreariness that—on passing before the posts and gates which point out the frontiers of Saxony, Prussia, Weimar, Gotha, Hesse, Bavaria, and Francfort, as they successively stretch in and out, and are indented the one in the other—I remarked to my fellow-traveller, "Pity that the Sovereigns of "all these States do not define their several "boundaries by hedges; such a plan would "relieve the fatigued eye of the traveller, "and would be a great stride towards a more "complete enclosure of the country."

The reader may have wished that I had lingered longer on this immense tract which I have just traversed. The distance between Dresden and Francfort is, indeed, great: but

how little does it offer to detain the traveller! The European "classical" tourist in Mexico and Peru wanders heedlessly through kingdoms whose uncertain traditions are far anterior to his own cherished associations. Unmoved by the eternal forests around him, his mind regrets, with learned childishness, that these deserts have never been hallowed and polluted by a Cicero and a Cæsar. Though such a state of mind is not natural, yet it accords with the fictitious wants of an education of which the main object seems to be the checking the impulses of nature. But let that pass. In Germany, we have few "classical" associations: the ground has not been illustrated by the refinements and the arts consequent on an early state of social civilization; nor are we here exalted by the grandeur of the untamed wildernesses of the new world. Germany has always been either a field of battle on which invaders have sunk beneath the resistance of the children of the soil, or the dreaded home of a population ever engaged in native feuds, or sallying forth to attack its more fortunate neighbours. Its language

has kept it insulated: the divided state of the interior has prevented its ever becoming so imposing a power as its extent of territory would seem to warrant: it has never formed one settled empire: it has never enjoyed a government willing and able, and of sufficient duration, efficaciously to protect the arts, and add outward splendour to the mental speculations of its subjects:—it has never had an Augustan age.

By him who has the recollection of the green fields, the neat cottages, the numerous villages, and the whole happy scenery of England fresh in his memory, these wildernesses of ploughed land must be looked upon with disappointed eyes; and a thought on the constitutional privileges which have caused the preeminence of his own country, will call a sigh from every Englishman who here beholds the consequences of feudal tyranny and despotic governments, and who draws sad parallels between his own more fortunate island, where individual freedom has been enjoyed for ages, and the dreary regions around him. Some may, indeed, trace the appearance of conti-

nental landscape to other causes than the feudal rights of half-emancipated nobles; but he who proclaims that the debasement of unhappy Ireland is occasioned by the superior privileges of an insolent religious aristocracy, must believe that the excessive privileges of every aristocracy—even though it be not fired by fanatical animosity—is calculated to produce similar effects. And is this to continue? Are Ireland, Germany, and Italy—is the whole of Europe, excepting the flourishing oases of England, France, and the Netherlands—to be still repressed by the despotism of great and petty tyrants? I know not whether the corn deserts of Germany, or the brilliant scenery of Italy, be most calculated to excite the regret and the indignation of the well-wisher of mankind: true, that of Italy we may say,

"Eternal summer gilds it yet;"

but the brightness of the outside only makes us regret the more that the heart is withered, and we are forced to add,

"But all, except its sun, is set."

Again I ask, is this to last? Are those lands on which Nature has lavished her choicest

gifts, and those which she has less generously treated, to be equally doomed to the same negative existence?—To some this warmth may appear exaggerated; but let them cast their eyes over the kingdoms of European—yea, of European—despotism; let them measure the regions from the mouth of the Tagus to the shores of Kamschatka, from the straits of Messina to the utmost cape of frozen Norway—one wide waste of lordly conquest; let them consider the blessed coasts of Italy, which have erst enjoyed a brighter fate, and those dormant energies palsied in the wide regions of Germany, and then blame my question—shall this, must this continue? or—with the finely-expressed hope of Campbell—that hope which thirty years of frustrated expectations have been unable to quell—shall we not still assert,

"No! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
"That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free!
"A little while, along thy saddening plains,
"The starless night of desolation reigns;
"Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
"And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven:

" Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
" Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!"

THE RHINE.

The *Postwagen* rolled heavily through the fine town of Francfort, and after some miles, ascended an uninteresting ridge of hills. It passed through the dirty streets of the village of Hochstheim, and what a country then opened before us! While mounting the ridge, we had lost sight of the sun which had descended in front behind the summit; but now that the ledge was attained, it again burst on our eyes from behind the high land that closed the opposite side of the valley, and smiled over a scene, the sudden richness of which seemed to belong to a region far distant from that we had just crossed. On every side, uninclosed vineyards, teaming with ripe transparent fruit, glistened in the horizontal rays of the setting sun, and stretched in an uninterrupted sheet of pale bright green to the bottom

of the vale. Below was seen a large town, whose lofty massive structures rose into the sky and faded in the soft hues of the milky heavens. At the foot of this town, embedded in vineyards, the mighty Rhine rolled its sweeping waters, spreading its broad silvery surface in the light of the brilliant sun, and seeming to impart life and happiness to a scene in whose quiet splendour it magnificently triumphed.

How beautiful was the Rhine that night by moonlight! With R—ms—y, who had been my companion since leaving Dresden, I passed the sentinels who trod before the gates of Mayence, and sought the long bridge across the river. This bridge is formed of boats, and lying close upon the surface of the stream, its several parts had a buoyancy which added to the charm. But why should I attempt to describe the scene? the moon floated in the blue expanse above; the waters glittered around us. "I shall never forget this hour;" I said to my companion. "I love to select "portions of my life, to form them into "pictures, and thus to set them apart in the

"preserving frames of memory." R—ms—y laughed at my enthusiasm, but owned the full witchery of the landscape.

From the summit of the cathedral of Mayence, a boy pointed out an old shapeless monument which, he said, was the tomb of "*Feldherr Drusus*—Field-Marshal Drusus." Here was, at length, a Roman monument—but in the hands of a German *cicerone!*

When our minds have once to recur to historical events, it little matters how great is the distance to which we would carry them back. Independently of the intervening lapse of time, they will always settle with greatest facility on that epoch on which we have most thought. On the Rhine, our "classical" associations lead back two thousand years, and carry us swiftly beyond the more important, but less heeded events which its banks have looked upon in later ages of history. We recur more easily to the annals of Cæsar and Tacitus than to the struggles of the rising kingdoms of the subdued Roman world, and the formation of the empires of the present day: and surveying the dismantled fortresses

of the middle ages, and the civilized states that have consolidated themselves around them, we thoughtlessly meet people of all nations amongst these oft-contested hills, and, careless of the events which have brought about these changes, we float down the Rhine in the modern invention of a steam-packet, and, with calm indifference, we gaze only upon the beautiful prospects of its banks :—

" The eternal surge
" Of time and tide rolls on and bears afar
" Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
" Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
" Of empires heave but like some passing waves."

It is, indeed, a strange and an interesting sight! I speak not of the scenery; the scenery of the Rhine has been often described. But, though a steam-packet may be the very opposite of romance, yet there is something even romantic in seeing the vessel float, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, down this winding stream; entering what the often-bending rocky banks make appear a succession of beautiful lakes; shooting past one old castle ere it

has lost sight of another, and one bleak rock ere that which preceded it has sunk behind the intervening promontory :—its deck lined by crowds of admiring foreigners, who continually turn over the local map, seeking for each succeeding point of view, until....hark ! the bell at the helm sounds loud and clear ;—in the depths of a ravine, a village appears in sight ;—a boat pushes off from the shore ;—it fastens itself to our flying packet ;—a stranger leaps on board ;—'tis my friend of the Black Forest, 'tis he of Moreau's tomb ;—other passengers take his place in the slight boat ;—it loosens its hold—it lingers behind—we turn the promontory and it is out of sight.

Often do such scenes and such unexpected meetings take place on the packets between Mayence and Cologne, as the bell announces its approach to the villages that line the river's banks.

COLOGNE.

On reaching the inn at Cologne, my Protestant fellow-traveller enquired of the waiter, "Are the people here Protestants or Catho-"lics?"—'Catholics, Sir.'—"Oh, I am "glad of that; at least we shall be able to see "the cathedral."

The architecture of the interior of this immense but unfinished church appeared to me to resemble, in every respect, that of the beautiful cathedral of Claremont, in the Departement du Puy de Dôme.

Some Protestant visiters of their shrine were scandalized by my disbelief in the so-called relics of the "Three Kings" which had lately been brought back from Prague, whither they and their splendid shrine had been conveyed to avoid the irruptions of the French. My friends supposed that I could not possibly be a real Catholic:—like very many of their sect, they would not, in judging Catholics, distinguish between matters of faith, declared such by the Church, and matters

indifferent in themselves, and on which each one is allowed to form his own opinion. Such is the belief in the identity of supposed relics, and in the truth of all miracles which are not scriptural.

Meanwhile, though we may all regret to see the devotion of the poor people of Cologne directed into a false channel, yet none of us will object to pay, even at the shrine of the "Three Kings," the tax of a few shillings to be appropriated to the preservation—would that I could say completion—of this magnificent cathedral.

Had I not read the assertion in Don Juan, I should, perhaps, have passed through Cologne without knowing that it

> "presents to the inspector
> "Eleven thousand maidenheads of bone."

Byron, however,—for Protestants often give us information on the subject of miracles and relics which they, nevertheless, assert that Catholics are bound to study with religious veneration—Byron told me what I was to expect; and I was interested by the sight of an old painting on wood, which shewed innume-

rable heads of fair young ladies rising one above the other, much in the order in which cannon balls are piled in a military arsenal. As St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins often call forth the smile or the sneer of those professedly-ignorant of Catholic legends—I have taken the trouble to refer to Butler's "Lives "of the Saints," in order to learn the real opinion of Catholics on this disputed subject. It there appears that (excepting the assertion that when, in the fifth age, the Pagan Saxons laid waste our island, and several of the old British inhabitants fled into Gaul and settled in Armorica, since called, from them, Little Britain; and when others took shelter in the Netherlands and formed settlements near the mouth of the Rhine—St. Ursula with some female companions left Britain, and met death in defence of their virginity, from the army of the Huns) excepting this assertion, it seems that great obscurity avowedly hangs over the whole legend: for Butler continues to say in a note—"it appears by the tombs of "these martyrs at Cologne, that their number "was very great. Wandelbert, a monk near

" Pruin, in Ardenne, in a private Martyro-
" logy which he compiled in verse in 850,
" makes their number amount to thousands;
" but he had seen their false acts. Sigebert,
" in 1111, makes them eleven thousand.
" Some think this a mistake arising from the
" abbreviation XI. MV. for eleven martyrs
" and virgins: for the Chronicle of St. Tron's
" seems to count eleven companions. The
" Roman Martyrology mentions only St.
" Ursula and her companions; nor is their
" number determined in any authentic records.
" As to the fancy that Undecimilla might
" have been the name of one of these virgins
" (see Valesiana), it is destitute of all shadow
" of the least foundation, and is exploded by
" all critics."

But, be all this as it may, public report has fixed their number at eleven thousand, and eleven thousand they must remain.

HOLLAND.

Below Cologne, the rocky banks of the Rhine rise no more in pleasing grandeur; and

as we pass the regular town of Dusseldorf and advance into Holland, our view is bounded by the green rushes that grow on the marshy borders of the river. But here the expanse of waters arouses almost grander sensations than where they are compressed by the high, sullen, vine-dotted rocks from Coblentz to the peaks of Drachenfels. To make this sentiment intelligible, I must have recourse to the expression I used when I first beheld the river at the bridge of Kehl:—the stream here seems to lord it more completely over the surrounding country.

Our only insight towards the interior was along the canals which branched in every direction from the Waahl on which we now sailed—having exchanged our German "*Dampschiff*" for a Dutch "*Stoomboot.*" A triangular promontory raised its low head barely above the lake, formed at a point where the stream branched off into two immense arms, if I may so call them, of water. On the point of this muddy *extrusion*, rose a village, of which the principal building touch-

ing the almost dead water's edge, announced itself as the "*Hotel de Bellevue.*"

HAITI.

A native of Haiti was on board. He assured me that the interior of his country now enjoyed perfect tranquillity. "But," I said, "has not a party lately endeavoured to "assassinate the President Boyer?" '*Ah,* '*oui ; c'était un malheureux que j'ai manqué* '*moi-même, il y a quelques mois, d'un coup* '*de fusil*—Oh yes; it was headed by a wretch 'whom I myself should have killed, some 'months since, had I not missed my aim.' A proof this of the tranquillity of the country! But what principles have reduced it to such a state?

ANTWERP.

After sleeping at Rotterdam, I embarked again on a steam-packet, and coasting through

the shallow seas and the low lands amongst which rises the town of Bergopzoom, I ascended the Schelt to the beautiful town of Antwerp. As we landed, the bells were ringing joyfully in the elegant and much-admired steeple: but I have often looked with greater admiration over my paternal Lincolnshire "fens" to the more graceful summit of Boston "stump."

At the *table d'hôtes*, a party of Frenchmen were speaking of a young French married woman, the mother of two children and *enceinte* with a third, who had, that morning, for no assignable cause, loaded a gun and blown out her own brains in the presence of her two children. One of the company observed that she had "*montrée du caractère* "—shown spirit:" another thought that there was "*quelque chose de dur*—something "harsh—in having done the deed in presence "of her children." No more was said on the subject.

I left Antwerp at ten o'clock at night. Brussels, Mons, Valenciennes, Paris, and Havre, did not detain me many days: five

months after I had first quitted Paris, my eyes rested on the beautiful hills of the Isle of Wight—than which I had seen nothing on my tour more pleasing.

CONCLUSION.

As I exclaimed on first beholding the Danube at Ulm—I may now consider myself an European traveller, or, perhaps, an European citizen. England is the country in which I have passed the smallest portion of my life:—but yet I look with pride and satisfaction upon my claims on that country. When I myself left England, I was too young to feel the spirit of nationality; whereas the greater number of those who visit the continent, either behold it with minds prejudiced by education, or else, their stay being short, the novelty of the scenes amongst which they are cast withdraws their attention from the consideration of those points in which countries do really differ. Liberation from the thraldom of natural prejudices is generally

looked upon as the most rational object of foreign travel; and, after many years passed in the investigation of the principal countries of Europe, it may, perhaps, cause surprise to hear me declare that I have come to a totally different conclusion:—I believe all national prejudices to be founded in justice. Circumstances being unaltered, no violent revolution having occurred to change the character of a people,—I believe those opinions which the experience of ages has prompted nations to conceive of one another, to convey a tolerably just estimate of each. After what I have previously said, it is unnecessary that I should further declare to which I give the preference:

"*Chaqu'un pris dans son air est agréable en soi.*"

Five months ago, I wrote the first of these pages at Metz. In the succeeding chapters I have followed the plan I then formed. At that time, I said, "When I shall have com-
"pleted my tour, I will read over the senti-
"ments to which it will have given rise, and
"should I think my notes worthy of the
"perusal of the public, to the public will I

"submit them." Let the public now determine whether or not I have acted right: but let it also remember the spirit in which I wrote the first chapter, and my original declaration of my purpose and my hopes—

——— "while idleness weaves
"Her flow'rets together, if Wisdom can see
"One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
"From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me."

THE END.

PRINTED BY RICHARD CRUTTWELL,
ST. JAMES'S-STREET, BATH.

18 J 820 (1)

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: JUN 2001
PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 007 723 391 A